

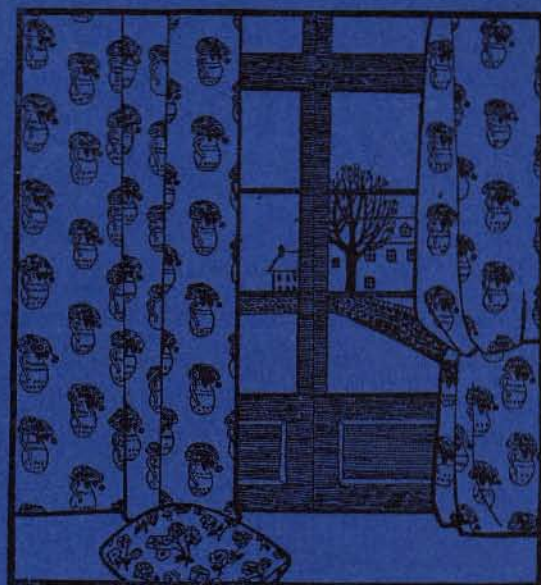
THE BLUE REVIEW

LITERATURE DRAMA ART MUSIC

Some Contributors to this Number :

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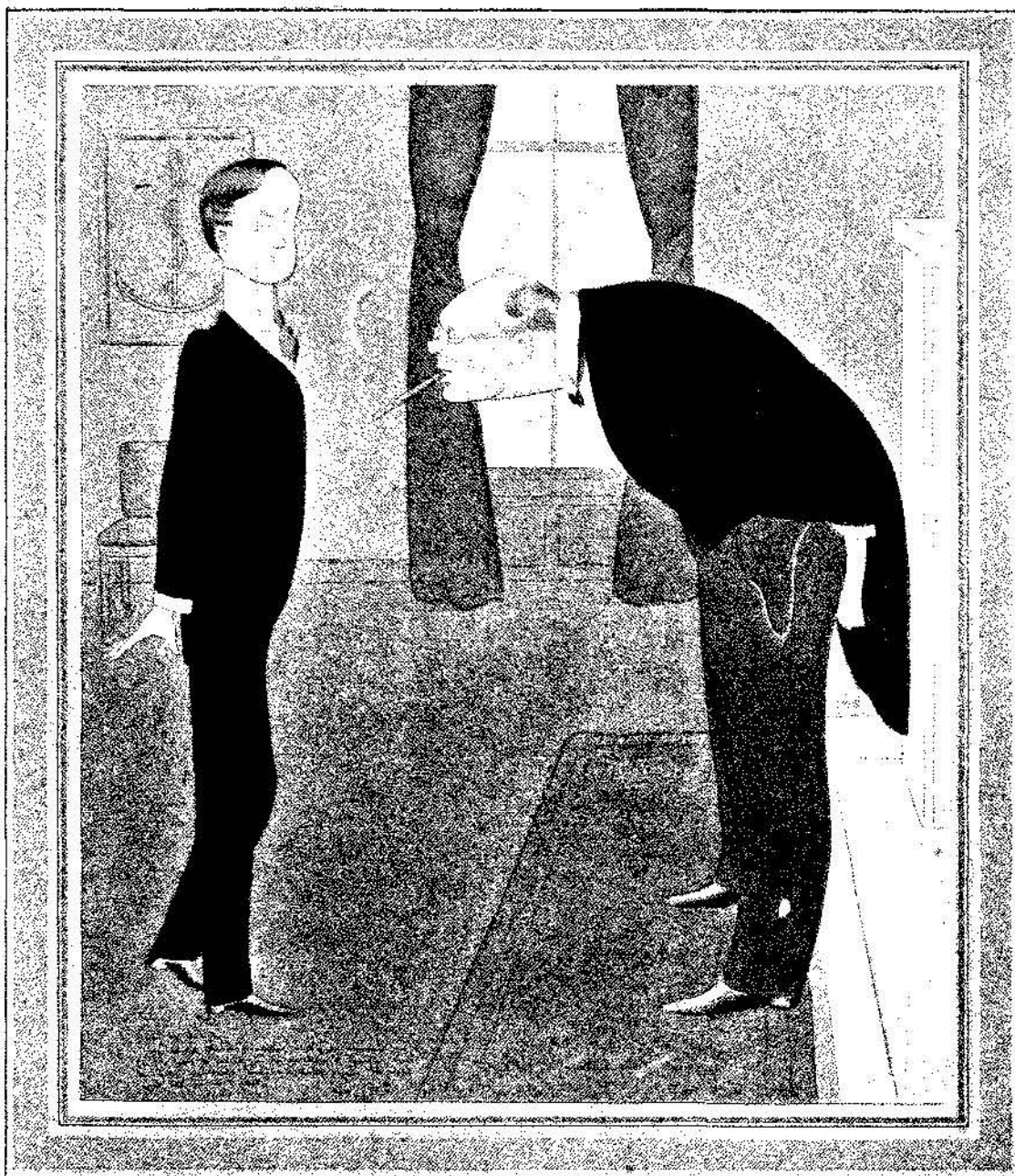
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Max Beerbohm

Mr. Edward Marsh wondering whether he dare ask his Chief's leave to include in his anthology of "Georgian Poetry" Mr. George Wyndham's famous and lovely poem : " We want eight and we won't wait."

THE SONG OF THE MAD PRINCE

Who said, " Peacock Pie " ;
The old King to the sparrow :
Who said, " Crops are ripe " ;
Rust to the harrow :
Who said, " Where dreams she now ?
Where rests she now her head,
Bathed in eve's loveliness ? " —
That's what I said.

Who said, " Ay, mum's the word " ;
Sexton to willow :
Who said, " Green dusk for dreams,
Moss for a pillow " :
Who said, " All Time's delight
Hath she for narrow bed ;
Life's troubled bubble broken " :—
That's what I said.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE VIXEN

The vixen made for Deadman's Flow,
Where not a mare but mine could go ;
And three hounds only splashed across
The quaking hags of mile-wide moss ;
Only three of the deadbeat pack
Scrambled out by Lone Maid's Slack,
Bolter, Tough, and Ne'er-die-Nell :
But as they broke across the fell
The tongue they gave was good to hear,
Lively music, clean and clear,
Such as only light-coats make,
Hot-trod through the girth-deep brake.

The vixen, draggled and nigh-spent,
Twisted through the rimy bent
Towards the Christhope Craggs. I thought
Every earth, stopt . . . winded . . . caught . . .
She's a mask and brush ! When white
A squall of snow swept all from sight ;
And, hoodman-blind, Lightfoot and I,
Battled with the roaring sky.

When due South the snow had swept
Light broke, as the vixen crept
Slinking up the stony brae.
On a jutting scar she lay,
Panting, lathered, while she eyed
The hounds that took the stiff brae-side
With yelping music, mad to kill.

Then vixen, hounds and craggy hill
Were smothered in a blinding swirl :
And when it passed, there stood a girl
Where the vixen late had lain,

The Vixen

Smiling down, as I drew rein,
Baffled, and the hounds, deadbeat,
Fawning at the young girl's feet,
Whimpered, cowed, where her red hair,
Streaming to her ankles bare,
Turned as white among the heather
As the vixen's brush's feather.

Flinching on my flinching mare,
I watched her, gaping and astare,
As she smiled with red lips wide,
White fangs, curving, either side
Of her lolling tongue . . . My thrapple
Felt fear's fang : I strove, agrapple,
Reeling . . . and again blind snow
Closed like night.

No man may know
How Lightfoot won through Deadman's Flow.
And naught I knew till, in the glow
Of home's wide door, my wife's kind face
Smiled welcome. And for me the chase,
The last chase, ended. Though the pack
Through the blizzard struggled back,
Gone were Bolter, Tough and Nell,
Where, the vixen's self can tell !
Long we sought them, high and low,
By Christhope Crag and Deadman's Flow,
By slack and syke and hag : and found
Never bone nor hair of hound.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

TO HIS FRIEND TO TRY ANOTHER TAVERN

They tell me my friend no transient fit
Has held and holds you where
The muddled mirth and hogshead wit
Pervade the smoke-filled air ;
But that you sit amid largesse
Insisting on punctiliousness.

Pandemian joys should be confined
To those whose bodies lack the mind
That darkens through your eyes.
The time for strenuous things is ripe !
Leave Davus to his greasy tripe
And consequent supplies,
Till Euphuistic calls of " Time "
Cut short the lingering pantomime.

Goodbye to the loose thought that blunts
The insight, and corrodes the soul.
Goodbye to the too frequent bowl :
A long goodbye to Delahunt's.

I know a pub beneath a hill :
Nine barmaids keep its bar select ;
And keep your corner dusted still.
Its chucker-out demands respect :
Of those he chucks out everyone
Is locked up by Oblivion.

You've travelled further, friend, than I,
You're to the Muses better known.
Go confidently in and try
If they'll serve both or you alone.
I'll talk to him who peeps outside. He
Will tell me if I'm bona-fide.

To his Friend to Try Another Tavern

The Past is ours : but—what's far more—

The Future can be catered for,

It's Spirit's in the Still.

Give it some rare etherial taste

So men may, when we're gone to waste,

Exclaim : He mixed it well !

OLIVER GOGARTY

THE SOILED ROSE By D. H. LAWRENCE

IT was a mile nearer through the wood. Mechanically, Syson turned up by the forge and lifted the field-gate. The blacksmith and his mate stood still, watching this self-assured trespasser. But Syson, dressed in stylish tweeds, looked too much a gentleman to be accosted. They let him go on in silence across the small field to the wood.

There was not the least difference between this morning and those of the bright springs, six or eight years back. White and sandy-gold fowls still scratched round the gate, littering the earth and the field with feathers and scratched-up rubbish. Between the two thick holly bushes in the wood-hedge was the hidden gap, whose fence one climbed to get into the wood ; the bars were scored just the same by the keeper's boots.

Syson was extraordinarily delighted. It is a wonderful thing, at twenty-nine, to have a Past. Like an emigrant he had returned, on a visit to the country of his past, to make comparison. The hazel still spread glad little hands downwards, the bluebells here were still wan and few, among the lush grass and in shade of the bushes.

The path through the wood, on the very brow of a slope, ran easily for a time. All around were twiggy oaks, just issuing their gold, and floor spaces diapered with woodruff, with patches of dog-mercury and tufts of hyacinth. The two fallen trees still lay across the track. Syson jolted down a steep, rough slope, and was again upon the open land, this time looking north as through a great window in the wood. He stayed to gaze over the level fields of the hill-top, at the village which strewn the bare upland plain as if it had tumbled off the passing waggons of civilisation, and been forsaken. There was a forlorn modern little grey church, and blocks and rows of red dwellings lying at random ; at the back, the twinkling headstocks of the pit, and the looming pit-hill. All was naked and out-of-doors, not a tree ! It was quite unaltered since his childhood.

Syson turned, satisfied, to follow the path that sheered downhill

The Soiled Rose

into the wood. He started. A keeper was standing a few yards in front, barring the way.

"Where might you be going this road, sir?" asked the keeper. The man was inclined to be offensive. Syson looked at him with an artist's impersonal, observant gaze. The keeper was a young man of four or five and twenty, ruddy and comely. He had large, dark blue eyes, which now stared aggressively. His black moustache, very thick, was cropped short over a small, rather self-conscious, almost feminine mouth. In every other respect the man was unusually virile. He was just above middle height; the strong forward thrust of his chest, and the perfect ease of his erect, proud carriage gave one the feeling that he was taut with life, like the thick jet of a fountain balanced at ease. He stood with the butt of his gun on the ground, staring insolently and questioningly at Syson. The dark, restless eyes of the trespasser, examining the man as if he were a tree or a flower, troubled the keeper and made him angry.

"Where's Naylor, and his velveteen skirts? He can't be dead——?" Syson implored.

"You're not from the House, are you?" inquired the keeper. It could not be, since everyone was away.

Syson's mobile mouth broke into a laugh.

"No, I'm not from the House," he said. It seemed to amuse him.

"Then are you going to answer my question?" said the keeper disagreeably.

"Which? Oh, certainly—I beg your pardon!" Syson was laughing all the time. "I am going to Willey Water Farm."

"This isn't the road." The man was certainly a bully.

"I think so. Down this path, paddle through the water from the well, and out by the white gate. I could go blindfold."

"Happen so, but you'd be trespassing all the same, did you know that?"

"Did I? I say, how strange! I am sorry. No, I used to come so often, in Naylor's time, I had forgotten. Where is he, by the way?"

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"Crippled with rheumatism," the keeper answered reluctantly.

"I say!" Syson exclaimed in pain.

"You'd happen tell me what your name is?" asked the keeper, with a new intonation.

"John Adderley Syson, late of Cordy Lane."

"As used to court Hilda Millership?"

Syson's eyes opened with a curious smile. He nodded. There was a very awkward silence.

"And you will introduce yourself?" asked Syson.

"Arthur Pilbeam—Naylor's my uncle," said the other.

"You live here in Nuttall?"

"I'm lodgin' at my uncle's—at Naylor's."

"I see!"

"Did you say you was goin' down to Willey Water?" asked the keeper.

"Yes."

"Well, at that rate I should like you to know—as *I'm* courtin' Hilda Millership."

The keeper looked at the intruder with a blaze of defiance, almost pitiful. Syson opened new eyes of astonishment.

"No-o?" he cried, with incredulous irony. The keeper went scarlet to the ears. But:

"And she," he said, huffed, "is keeping company with me."

"Good God!" exclaimed Syson. The other man waited uncomfortably.

"And is it a fixed thing between you?" asked the intruder.

"What do you mean by that?" retorted the other, sulkily.

"Well—does she—do you think of getting married before long?"

It was evidently a sore point. The keeper kicked at a sod.

"We sh'd ha' been married afore now, if——" Pilbeam was full of resentment.

"Ah!" Syson expressed his understanding in the monosyllable.

The Soiled Rose

"I'm married myself," he added, after a time.

"You are!" said the other, incredulously, with a touch of contempt.

Syson laughed in his brilliant, quick way.

"This last fifteen months," he said.

The keeper gazed at him with heavy, sulky, inscrutable gaze, apparently thinking back, and making connection.

"Why, what of it?" asked Syson.

"Nothing," said the other sulkily, turning away.

There was silence for a moment.

"Ah well!" said Syson, "I will leave you. I suppose you don't intend to turn me back." The keeper paid no attention. The two men stood high in an open space, grassy, set round with small sheaves of sturdy bluebells; a little open platform on the brow of the hill. Syson took a few indecisive steps forward, then stopped.

"I say, how lovely!" he cried.

He had come in full view of the downslope. The wide path ran from his feet like a river, and it was full of bluebells, save for a green winding thread down the centre, where the keeper walked. Like a stream the path opened into azure shallows at the levels, and there were pools of bluebells, with still the green thread winding through, like a thin current of ice-water through blue lakes. And from under the twig-purple of the bushes swam the shadowed blue, as if the flowers lay in flood water over the woodland.

"Ah, isn't it lovely!" Syson exclaimed, a world of regret in his tones; for this was his past, the country he had abandoned, in which he was now only a visitor. Wood pigeons cooed overhead, and the air was full of the brightness of myriad birds singing.

"If you're married, as you reckon you are, what do you keep writing to her for, and sending her all them poetry books and things?" asked the keeper. Syson stared at him in astonishment for a time, then he began to smile:

"You see," he said, "I was not aware that she—that you . . ."

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Again the keeper flushed scarlet.

"But if you reckon to be married——" he charged.

"Well——?" queried the other mockingly.

But, looking down the blue, beautiful path, Syson felt he had been wrong. "I have been keeping her—a sort of dog-in-the-manger," he said to himself. Aloud :

"She knows I'm married and all that," he said.

"What do you keep on with *her* for, then?" urged the keeper.

"But why shouldn't I?" Syson returned. He knew quite well. There was silence. Syson suddenly struck his thigh with his gloves, and drew himself up.

"Good-day," he said, bowing, very polite and distant. He strode off downhill. Now, everything seemed to him ironic: the two sallocs, one all gold and perfume and murmur, one silver green and bristly, reminded him that here he had taught her about pollination. And now, in the paths sacred to their youth, he was walking under a smart of condemnation from a game-keeper, for interfering with the latter's girl.

"Ah well," he said to himself; "the poor chap seems to have a grudge against me because she won't marry him. I'll do my best on his behalf." He grinned to himself, being in a very bad temper.

The farm was less than a hundred yards from the wood's edge. Almost, the wall of trees seemed to form the fourth side to the open quadrangle. The house faced the wood. With many pangs, Syson noted the plum-blossom falling on the daffodils and on the profuse, coloured primroses, which he himself had brought here and set. How they had increased! There were thick tufts of scarlet, and pink, and pale purple primroses, under the plum-trees. He saw somebody glance at him through the kitchen window, heard men's voices.

The door opened suddenly: very womanly she had grown! He felt himself going pale.

"You?—Addy!" she exclaimed, and stood motionless.

The Soiled Rose

"Who?" called the farmer's voice. Men's low voices answered. Those low voices, curious, and almost sneering, roused the ironic spirit in the visitor. Smiling brilliantly at her he bowed low:

"Myself—in all humility," he said.

The flush burned very deep on her cheek and throat.

"We are just finishing dinner," she said.

"Then I will stay outside." He made a motion to show that he would sit on the red earthenware pipkin that stood near the door among the daffodils, and contained the drinking water.

"Oh no, come in," she said hurriedly. He entered with reluctance. In the doorway, he glanced swiftly over the family, and bowed. Everyone was confused. The farmer, his wife, and the four sons sat at the coarsely laid dinner-table, the men with arms bare to the elbows.

"I am sorry I interrupt your lunch," said Syson.

"Don't mention it. Sit down and have a bit," said the farmer, trying to be free and easy.

"It's early for me," said Syson.

He noticed the women were uncomfortable, and would rather he did not accept.

"Why, what time *do* you reckon to have your dinner?" asked Frank, the second son, insolently.

"Dinner?—usually at half-past seven."

"Oh—ah——!" sneered the sons altogether.

They had once been intimate friends with this young man.

"We'll give Addy something when we've finished," said the mother, an invalid.

"Do not let me be any trouble. Lunch does not matter to me."

"He allus could live on fresh air an' scenery," laughed the youngest son, a lad of nineteen.

Syson went round the buildings, and into the orchard at the back of the house, where daffodils all along the hedgerow swung like yellow, ruffled birds on their perches. He loved the place extraordinarily, the hills ranging round, with bear-skin woods

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covering their giant shoulders, and small red farms like brooches clasping their garments ; the blue streak of water in the valley, the bareness of the pasture on the home-hills, the sound of myriad-threaded bird-song, which went mostly unheard. To his last day, he would dream of this place, when he felt the sun on his face, or saw the small handfuls of snow between the winter twigs.

Hilda was very womanly. In her presence, he felt boyish. She was twenty-nine, as he was, but she seemed to him much older. As he was fingering some shed plum-blossom on a low bough, she came to the back door to shake the tablecloth. Fowls raced from the stackyard, birds rustled from the trees. Her dark auburn hair was gathered up in a coil like a crown on her head. She was very straight, imperious in her bearing. As she folded the cloth, she looked away over the hills.

Presently Syson returned indoors. She had prepared eggs and curd cheese, stewed gooseberries and cream.

" Since you will dine to-night," she said, " I have only given you a light lunch."

" It is perfectly arcadian and delightful," he said. " I almost look for your belt of straw and ivy buds."

Still they mocked each other with irony. He knew it hurt her. But—she was courting the game-keeper and she should marry him.

In his private heart he was thinking, " What a woman she is—what a lot older she is ! " He was afraid of her now, seeing her so much altered. Her curt, sure speech, her proud, hard bearing, her reserve, were unfamiliar to him. He admired again her grey-black eyebrows, and her lashes ; he quarrelled with her set mouth, with the expressionless composure of her face. Their eyes met. He saw, in the beautiful grey and black of her glance, tears and bitterness, and at the back of all, calm acceptance of sorrow.

" She's much older than I," he said to himself. With an effort he kept up the ironic manner.

She sent him into the parlour while she washed the dishes. The long low room was refurnished from the Abbey sale, with

The Soiled Rose

chairs upholstered in claret-coloured rep, many years old, and an oval table of polished walnut, and a fresh piano, handsome, though still antique. In spite of the strangeness, he was pleased. Opening a high cupboard let into the thickness of the wall, he found it full of his books, his old lesson-books, and volumes of verse he had sent her, English and German. The daffodils in the white window-bottoms, shone across the room, he could almost feel their rays. The old glamour caught him again. His youthful watercolours on the walls no longer made him grin ; he remembered how fervently he had tried to paint for her, twelve years before.

She entered, wiping a dish, and he saw again the bright, kernel-white beauty of her arms.

" You are quite aristocratic here," he said, and their eyes met.

" Do you like it ? " she asked. It was the old, low, husky tone of intimacy. He felt a quick change beginning in his blood.

" Ay," he nodded, smiling at her like a boy again. She bowed her head.

" This was the countess's chair," she said in low tones. " I found her scissors down here between the padding."

" Ay— ! Show me."

Quickly, with a lilt in her movement, she fetched her work-basket, and together they examined the long-shanked old scissors.

" What a ballad of dead ladies ! " he said, laughing, as he fitted his fingers into the round loops of the countess's scissors.

" You are the only man who could use them," she said, with a little thrill. He looked at his fingers, and at the scissors :

" The only one of *your* men, perhaps," he said, putting the scissors aside with a sudden darkening in his soul. She turned to the window. He noticed the fine, fair down on her cheek and her upper lip, and her soft, white neck, like the throat of a nettle flower, and her fore-arms, bright as newly blanched kernels. She was being discovered afresh to him, who thought he knew her so thoroughly.

" Shall we go out awhile ? " she asked softly.

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"Ay!" he answered. But the predominant emotion, that flooded over the daring and the ecstasy in his heart, was fear. Something big was going to happen to him and to her, unless he took care, his soul warned him.

She put no covering on her head, merely took off her apron, saying: "We will go by the larches." As they passed the old orchard, she called him in to show him a blue-tit's nest in one of the apple-trees, and a sycock's in the hedge. He rather wondered at her surety, for she had been one to go dreamily unobservant.

"Look at the apple buds," she said, and he then perceived myriads of little scarlet balls among the drooping boughs. Watching his face, she laughed. He was dumb and stupid, and at the bottom, afraid. If he were going to fall in love with this old lover, whose youth had marched with his as stately, religious nights march beside reckless days, then it would be a love that would invade many lives and lay them waste. His soul realised this, not his reason. His mind was almost paralysed.

For her part, she was brilliant as he had not known her. She showed him nests: a jenny wren's in a low bush.

"See this jinty's!" she exclaimed.

He was surprised to hear her use the local name. She reached carefully through the thorns, and put her finger in the nest's round door.

"Five!" she said. "Teenty little things."

She showed him nests of robins, and chaffinches, and linnets, and buntings; of a wagtail beside the water:

"And if we go down, nearer the lake, I will show you a king-fisher's"

"Among the young fir-trees," she said, "there's a throstle's or a blackie's on nearly every shelf—hundreds. The first day, when I had seen them all, I felt as if I mustn't go in the wood. It seemed a city of birds: and in the morning, hearing them all, I thought of the clamour of early markets. I was afraid to go in my own wood."

The Soiled Rose

The wasted poet in him did honour to her. He felt weak as water in her hands. She did not mind his silence, but was always a brilliant hostess entertaining him in her wood. As they came along a marshy path where forget-me-nots were opening in a rich blue drift :

"We know all the birds, but there are many flowers we can't find out,"—"I can't find out," she quickly corrected herself.

"We?" he questioned.

She looked dreamily across to the open fields that slept in the sun :

"I have a lover as well, you know," she gently reprimanded him, dropping again into the intimate tone.

This woke in him the spirit of combat.

"I think I met him. He is very bonny—also in Arcady."

Without answering, she turned into a dark path that led up hill, where the trees and undergrowth were very thick.

"They did well," she said at length, "to have various altars to various gods, in old days."

"Ah yes!" he agreed. "And which have you turned to now?"

"Do you think I have left the old one?" she asked, pathetically.

"No, not really. It was your highest, the one you kneeled at with me——"

"But *you* have left it," she said. He caught his breath, with a quick, painful frown.

"Ay—but the man doesn't matter so much," he said. There was a pause.

"And you are mistaken. I *have* turned away," she admitted, in a low, husky tone, averting her face from him.

There was silence, during which he pondered. The path was almost flowerless, gloomy. At the side, his heels sank into soft clay.

"No," she said, very slowly, "I was married the same night as you."

He looked at her a quick question.

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"Not legally, of course," she replied, in the same grave, deliberate manner. "But—actually."

"'Tandaradei,' " he mocked.

She turned to him brightly.

"You thought I could not?" she said. But the flush was deep in her cheek and throat, for all her seeming assurance.

Still he would not say anything.

"You see,"—she was making an effort to explain—"I had to understand also, to keep pace."

To keep pace, she meant, with Syson, whom she loved with the deepest part of her nature.

"And does it amount to much, this *understanding*?" he asked, cynically. She was shocked.

"A very great deal—does it not to you?" she replied.

"And you are not disappointed?"

"Far from it!" Her tone was deep and sincere.

"Then you love him?"

"Yes, I love him." She was tender, and gentle, in her thought of the keeper.

"Good!" he said.

This silenced her for a while.

"Here, among his things, I do love him truly," she said.

His conceit would not let him be silent.

"And me?" he asked, biting.

"So different!" she cried.

He laughed shortly.

"You turned Opportunist?" he said.

"'Tis your doing," she replied.

For a moment the hearts of these two idealists stood still with despair.

They came to a place where the undergrowth shrank away, leaving a bare, brown space, pillared with the brick-red and purplish trunks of pine trees. On the fringe, was the sombre green of elder trees, with flat flowers in bud, and bright, unfurling

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pennons of fern. In the midst of the bare space stood a keeper's log hut. Pheasant-coops were lying about, some occupied by a clucking hen, some empty.

Hilda walked over the brown pine needles to the hut, took a key from among the eaves and opened the door. It was a bare wooden place with a carpenter's bench and form, carpenter's tools, an axe, snares, traps, some skins pegged down, everything in order. Hilda closed the door. Syson examined the weird flat coats of wild animals, that were pegged down to be cured. She pressed some knots of wood in the side wall, and an opening appeared in the bare logs, disclosing a second, small apartment.

"Is he a romantic, then?" asked Syson, ponderingly.

"Perhaps so! He is very curious—up to a certain point, cunning—in a nice sense—and inventive, and so thoughtful—but not beyond a certain point."

She pulled back a dark green curtain. The apartment was occupied almost entirely by a large couch of heather and bracken, on which was spread an ample rabbit-skin rug. On the floor were patchwork rugs of cat-skin, and a red calf-skin, while hanging from the wall were other furs. Hilda took down one, which she put on. It was a cloak of rabbit-skin edged with white fur, and with a hood, apparently of the skins of stoats. She laughed at Syson from out of this barbaric mantle, saying:

"What do you think of it?"

"Ah——! I congratulate you on your man," he replied.

"And look!" she said.

In a little jar on a shelf were some sprays, frail and white, of the first honeysuckle.

"They will scent the place at night," she said.

He looked round curiously.

"Then where does your keeper come short?" he asked. She gazed at him for a few moments. Then, turning aside—

"The stars aren't the same with him," she said, intensely, "nor the forget-me-nots. You could make them flash and quiver,

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and the forget-me-nots come up at me like phosphorescence. I have found it out—it is true.”

He laughed, saying :

“ After all, stars and forget-me-nots are only luxuries.”

“ Ay,” she assented sadly. “ It is a pity.”

Again he laughed quickly at her.

“ Why ? ” he asked, mockingly.

She turned swiftly. He was leaning against the small window of the tiny obscure room, and was watching her, who stood in the doorway, still cloaked in her mantle. His cap was removed, so she saw his face and head distinctly in the dim room. His black, straight, glossy hair was brushed clean back from his brow. His black eyes were playing a polite game with her, and his face, that was clear and cream, and perfectly smooth and healthy, was flickering with polite irony.

“ You are very different,” she said bitterly.

Again he laughed.

“ I see you disapprove of me,” he said.

“ I disapprove of what you are becoming,” she said.

“ But you have still hopes of me ! Then what must I do to be—— ”—he checked himself—“ to avoid this calamity ? ”

She saw that he was always laughing at her.

“ If your own soul doesn’t tell you, I cannot.”

“ I say,” he cried, mock-serious, “ where have I heard that before ? Besides,” he continued politely, “ one cannot live in Rome without being Romanised—unless one is fanatically patriotic—and really, you know, I am of no country.”

“ No—— ? ” she said bitterly.

“ Unless I have been adopted unaware.” That, he felt, was insulting, and his spirit turned in shame.

“ You are a Roman of the Romans,” she said sarcastically.

“ Of the emasculated period,” he laughed. “ But ’twas you would have it so.”

“ I ! ” she exclaimed.

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"You *would* have me take the Grammar School scholarship—and you would have me foster poor little Botell's fervent attachment to me, till he couldn't live without me—and because Botell was rich and influential. You insisted on my accepting the wine-merchant's offer to send me to Cambridge, there to chaperon his only child. Then you bade me go into the business until I had money—and then—and then——; well, 'Now' is the realisation. I have done exceedingly well, for an orphan son of a village school-master."

"And I am responsible?" she asked, with sarcasm.

"I was a most plastic youth," he laughed.

"Ah," she cried, "I sent you away too young."

"But I am a *great* success—and really, I enjoy it. You keep preaching me the 'Tongues in trees' business, and 'good in everything' that is not London. But I assure you, there's quite a lot to be said for my side. 'I would not change it.'"

"You are too glib," she said, in very cutting tones.

"I always had that defect," he said, bowing.

There was a rattling at the outer latch, and the keeper entered. The woman glanced round, but remained standing, fur-cloaked, in the inner doorway. Syson, quite indifferent, did not move.

The keeper entered, saw, and turned away without speaking. The others also were silent.

Pilbeam attended to his skins.

"Have we finished our duel?" asked Syson.

"I have nothing more to say," she replied.

"Then I give you 'To our vast and varying fortunes.' " He lifted his hand in pledge.

"'To our vast and varying fortunes,' " she answered, bowing gravely, and speaking in cold tones.

"Arthur!" she said.

The keeper pretended not to hear. Syson, watching keenly, began to smile. The woman drew herself up.

"Arthur!" she said again, with a curious upward inflection,

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which warned the two men that her soul was trembling on one of those sudden changes that are so striking in women ; as when a drop of acid suddenly throws out a black, turbid precipitate in a clear liquid.

The keeper slowly put down his tool and came to her.

" Yes," he said.

" I wanted to introduce you," she said, cold and deliberate.

" I know him—I've met him before," growled the keeper.

" Never mind—I want to introduce you formally. Addy, Mr. Pilbeam, to whom I am engaged to be married. Arthur—Mr. Syson, who was an old friend of ours." Syson bowed, but the other mechanically held out his hand. The two men shook hands.

" Allow me to congratulate you heartily," said Syson. In his heart he was saying bitterly, " Mrs. Pilbeam—Good God ! "

He bade the woman good-bye.

" Which way will you go ? " she asked.

" Over Foster's," he replied.

" Arthur, you will go with Mr. Syson to the gate," she said. They went all three together down the gloomy path.

" Ah les beaux jours de bonheur indicible

Où nous joignons nos bouches . . . "

quoted Syson, half-sincere, half-mocking.

" C'est possible ! " she replied, in the same spirit.

" Good ! " he cried. " We might have rehearsed it. I never could help being sentimental. How does it go on ?

' Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir.' "

" I never liked farce," she replied, cuttingly. " Besides, *we* cannot walk in *our* wild oats. You were too modest and good to sow any at that time."

Syson looked at her. He was shocked that she could sneer at their young love, which had been the greatest thing he had known. Certainly he had killed her love at last, as he had often wished he could. Now he felt a great sense of desolation.

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At the bottom of the path she left him. As he went along with the keeper, towards the open, he said :

“ You will let me know when you are going to be married, will you ? ”

“ Why ? ” asked the keeper.

“ Because she will not write to me—at least till after—I know.”

“ Well—— ! ” said the keeper, disagreeably, but hesitating.

“ I shan’t be in Nuttall again for years—perhaps never. I shall want to know your news, for all that. So if you’ll write to me, I will write to you. All the correspondence shall be between us two.”

He handed the young keeper his card.

“ All right then—we’ll let it stand at that.”

They were at the gate. Syson held out his hand. When he was a dozen yards across the field, the other called :

“ I say, I s’ll only write when there’s something definite.”

“ Quite so ! ” said Syson, and each turned his several way.

Instead of going straight to the high road gate, Syson went along the wood’s edge, where the brook spread out in a little bog, and under the alder trees, among the reeds, great yellow stools and bosses of marigolds shone. Threads of brown water trickled by, touched with gold from the flowers. Suddenly, there was a blue flash in the air, as a kingfisher passed.

Syson was extraordinarily wretched. He climbed the bank to the gorse bushes, whose sparks of blossom had not yet gathered into a flame. Lying on the dry brown turf, he discovered sprigs of tiny purple milkwort and pink spots of lousewort. He began to count his losses. In spite of himself, he was unutterably miserable, though not regretful. He would not alter what he had done. Yet he was drearily, hopelessly wretched. After a while he had got it clear.

“ She always knew the best of me, and believed in the best I might be. Whilst she kept her ideal ‘ Me ’ living, I was sort of responsible to her : I must live somewhere up to standard. Now

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I have destroyed Myself in her, and I am alone, my star is gone out. I have destroyed the beautiful 'Me' who was always ahead of me, nearer the realities. And I have struck the topmost flower from off her faith. And yet it was the only thing to do, considering all the other folk . . . "

He lay quite still, feeling a kind of death.

Presently he heard voices : the keeper was coming down the path, with his wife.

" Say what ails thee ? " Syson heard the keeper ask gently, but with a touch of resentment.

" I am a bit upset—don't bother me," pleaded the woman.

Syson turned over. The air was full of the sound of larks, as if the sunshine above were condensing and falling in a shower. Amid this bright sound, the voices sounded like horn-music.

" Yes, but what upsets thee," persisted the man.

" Go home now, Arthur. I will talk to you to-night."

Syson looked through the bushes. Hilda was leaning on the gate, tears running down her face. The man was in the field, loitering by the hedge, and, Syson at last made out, was catching the bees as they settled on the white bramble flowers, crushing them in his palm, and letting them fall, not aware what he was doing.

There was silence for a while, in which Syson imagined her tears among the brightness of the larks. Suddenly the keeper exclaimed " Ah ! " and swore loudly. He was gripping at the sleeve of his coat, near the shoulder. Then he pulled off his jacket, threw it on the ground, and absorbedly rolled up his shirt sleeve right to the shoulder.

" Ah ! " he said vindictively, as he picked out the bee and flung it away. He twisted his fine, bright arm, peering awkwardly over his shoulder.

" What is it ? " asked Hilda quietly.

" A bee—crawled up my sleeve and stung me," he answered.

" Come here to me," she said.

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The keeper went to her, like a sulky boy. She took his handsome arm in her hands.

"Here it is—and the sting left in—poor bee!"

She picked out the sting, put her mouth to his arm, and sucked away the drop of poison. As she looked at the red mark her mouth had made, and at his arm, she said, laughing winsomely out of her tears:

"That is the reddest kiss you will ever have."

He put his arms round her, and was kissing her. When Syson next looked up, at the sound of voices, he saw the keeper with his mouth on the throat of his beloved, whose head was thrown back, and whose hair had fallen, so that one rough rope of dark brown hair hung across his bare arm.

"No," the woman answered. "I am not upset because he's gone. You won't understand. . . ."

Syson could not distinguish what the man said. Hilda replied, clear and distinct:

"You know I love you. He has gone quite out of my life—I don't know what I should do without you" She ended plaintively. He kissed her warmly, murmuring. She laughed quickly.

"Yes," she said indulgent, but slightly bitter. "We will be married, we will be married. You can tell people, and make arrangements." He embraced her again. Syson heard nothing for a time. Then she said:

"You must go home, now, dear—you will get no sleep."

"Shall we be married at church, or chapel or what——?"

"We will be married at church."

It was the first time she had used the plural pronoun in that way, which moved the keeper to embrace her fervently. At last he pulled on his coat and departed. She stood at the gate, not watching him, but looking south over the sunny counties towards London, far away.

When at last she had gone, Syson also departed, going south.

THE BEGGAR'S HUNT By W. H. DAVIES

WE have no mind to reach that Pole
Where monarchs keep their icy courts ;
Where lords and ladies, proud and cold,
May do no more than smile at sports ;
Nay, laughing, lying at our ease,
We keep our court beneath green trees.

Kings' beds are soft and silvery white,
But ours are golden straw or hay ;
So let kings lie while gentle sleep
Attends our harder beds, when they
Inside their soft, white bedclothes yell
That nightmares ride them down to hell.

Poor lords and ladies, what tame sport
To hunt a fox or stag, while we
Sit on a green bank in the sun,
And chase for hours a faster flea ;
Which blesses us from day to day,
With all our faculties in play.

I had been resting for a little time and, as I was about to continue my journey, I looked back and saw a man in the distance, coming towards me. Seeing that he was going my way, I settled down again, to wait for him, watching his movements as he came along. I noticed at once that he was walking at a fast pace, but what surprised me was that he often came to a halt and made his hands feel various parts of his clothes. My first impression was that he had lost something and was searching for it. I saw him halt quite a number of times and make these quick movements, feeling down both his legs, then in his bosom, and sometimes up both his sleeves. "The poor fellow is in a terrible state of worry," thought I ; "perhaps he has lost silver, or even gold, which has been his savings. Such a loss would be almost madness to a poor looking

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man like that." However, these thoughts did not last long, for I soon came to the conclusion that the man was scratching himself, owing to the attack of fleas.

When he reached my side, I saw at once that he was inclined to pass on without saying a word, but I brought him to a halt by inquiring his destination for the day. He did not answer for some time, for he had put his hand down the back of his neck to scratch his shoulder blade, and this action choked his utterance. As soon as he was able to speak he answered that he was on his way to Hungerford. "Let us walk together for a little way," I said, "for I am going there too. But I am not able to walk very fast." Saying this I gave him twopence, knowing that he would be in no hurry after that, as he would hope for further kindness before we parted for good. To encourage him in this belief, I offered him tobacco, at the same time saying—"I shall be glad when we come to an inn." He began to scratch more than ever now, as much from delight as from fleas.

"Are you out of work?" I asked, as we went along. "I am," he answered; "there is no work to be had anywhere. Curse it." Saying this he began to scratch his left shoulder, and I knew at once that it was a flea, and not the lack of work, that was the object of his curse. "Have you been out of work long?" I inquired. "Two months," he answered; "and I never expect to be in work again. Curse it!" This time he began to scratch his left thigh, and I again came to the conclusion that a flea, and not the lack of work, was the reason why he swore. Of course, I could see plainly that this man was a tramp of a very long standing, who did not trouble his head about work, but would not let me know the truth.

We went on like this for about half a mile, talking of the difficulties of a man out of work, which my ragged companion said were "heart-breaking." "Yes," he said, coming to a halt, and beginning to scratch under his right arm—"Yes, this kind of life is heart-breaking. Curse it!"

At last I saw a signboard not far away, and knew it was an inn.

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But by this time I began to have my doubts as to the wisdom of having this man's company, even in the very lowest kind of a tavern ; where the landlord or his customers would be certain to object to his company. However, I did not like to let him go without first giving him a glass of beer. So I came to a halt and said, " We will go into this inn, but while we are there, can you stop scratching ? " " Of course I can," he answered readily, as though nothing in the world was easier. " You must understand," I continued, " that the landlord, or his wife, or his daughter, whichever serves us, would not care to have a customer that kept on scratching himself. So, drink and laugh, but, for God's sake, don't scratch ! " When my ragged companion heard this he laughed heartily and began to scratch himself all over. When I saw his delight, I could not help laughing as heartily myself. However, after his glee was over, I said kindly, so as not to hurt his feelings, " You'll try not to scratch, won't you ? " When I had done speaking, my companion, who had been motionless for quite half a minute, said in slow, distinct tones—" If I *say* I won't scratch, I *won't* scratch. And if I do, may the devil pickle and purge me ! "

With this understanding we made our way towards the inn. But we had scarcely gone ten steps when my companion waved his hand with a wide sweep, saying—" This is a beautiful county ! " When I heard this, I at once had a suspicion that something was wrong. So, although I looked away from him for a moment, I turned quickly in his direction and was just in time to catch him in the act of scratching his right leg. Seeing this I made up my mind to enter the inn alone. So I took threepence out of my pocket and said—" Do what you like now, for I shall probably be at this inn for a couple of hours. Good-bye." " Thank you," he answered, grasping my hand, " you're a true gentleman. Good-bye and good luck." Saying this he went off with all speed.

When I entered the inn, which was called the Waggon and Horses, I saw my late companion sitting in the taproom, with a glass of beer in his hand. Whether the landlady had been civil to

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him or not, I cannot say, but it was most certain that when I entered she cast several cold glances at her other customer. However, the latter appeared to take little heed of this, and sat with his two arms leaning on the table. It must not be inferred from this attitude that he was not scratching. There he sat, his arms motionless, it is true, but what about his feet ? If the landlady, who had now retired, could have seen those feet, as they were seen by me, she would have ordered him out of her house at once. For there he sat, resting on one leg at a time, while the foot of the other leg was kept busy scratching. But this secret method was not satisfying for long, for in a few moments he gave his feet a rest and set his hands to work on the upper parts of his body. After doing this for a short time, he suddenly got up, finished his beer and ran headlong out of the house.

After having had some bread and cheese and pickles, some beer, and a rest of half an hour, I left the Waggon and Horses and continued my journey towards Hungerford. But I had not been walking more than twenty minutes when I heard a voice hail me from behind a steep bank. When I looked, I saw my late companion. "Wait a minute," he cried, "for I am now ready to travel." "Have you been sleeping?" I asked, when he had reached my side. "No," he answered with a laugh, "I have been having a lively time at hunting and killing fleas. I shall sleep well after this excitement."

As we walked along he talked of nothing but hunting and killing fleas, saying that hunting hares, foxes or stags was but poor sport compared with that. The subject seemed to interest him so much that he could not change to another and was still at it when we were within a short distance of Hungerford.

THE ESPERANTO OF ART By W. L. GEORGE

IT is established and accepted to-day that a painter may not like music, that a writer may yawn in a picture-gallery : though we proclaim that art is universal, it certainly is not universal for the universe. This should not surprise us who know that van Gogh wrote : " To paint and to love women is incompatible " ; van Gogh was right for himself, which does not mean that he was right for everybody, and I will not draw from his dictum the probably incorrect conclusion that " To paint and to love literature is incompatible." But van Gogh, who had not read Bergson, was indicating clearly enough that he knew he must canalise his powers, therefore exclude from his emotional purview all things which did not appertain directly to his own form of art.

Form of art ! Those three words hold the difficulty of mutual understanding among artists. While sympathising with van Gogh in his xenophobia, I cannot accept that because certain artists could not appreciate certain forms of art, no artist can understand another whose form is alien to him. There is, there must be a link between the painter, the sculptor, the writer, the musician, the actor, between the poet in words and the one, to-day most common, who wishes to express himself in the deeds of his own life. For art is, we are assured thereof, all of one stuff. A symphony and a poem may be allotropic forms of the same matter : to use a common simile, there is red phosphorus and there is yellow, but both are phosphorus. Likewise there are different forms of art, as there are three Incomprehensibles, but there is only one art, as there is but one Incomprehensible.

It is important that artists should understand one another so that conflict may arise from their impressions, so that they may form a critical brotherhood. Some, to-day, are able to grasp one another's meaning and yet find it difficult, because every form of art has its own jargon, to express what they mean ; they can grasp that the painter equally with the writer is striving to express himself, but they fail to phrase their appreciation and their criticism

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because writers cannot talk of masses or painters of style. There stands between them a hedge of technique ; so thick is it that often they cannot see the soul of the works ; their difficulty is one of terms. Now I do not suggest that the musician should study Praxiteles and himself carve marble ; he is better employed expressing his own passion in the Key of C. But I do feel that if technical terms are the preserve of each form of art, general terms are not ; that *continuity, rhythm, harmony*, to quote but a few, have a precise meaning, that they are inherent to no form of art because they are inherent to art itself.

The following, then, is a forlorn attempt to find the common language, the esperanto of art. It is made up of general terms (in italics) ; it represents no more than a personal point of view, and is for this reason laid down in a tentative spirit : it is not a solution but a fingerpost. Order being a necessary antidote for the abstruse, I have divided the terms into groups, according to their nature, to the dimension they affect or the matter to which they refer. Following this line of thought we find that works of art affect us in virtue of four properties : their power, their logic, their movement, and their attitude ; this leads us to four groups of properties :

Group A. (Volumetric) : *Concentration, Relief, Density, Depth.*

Group B. (Linear) : *Linking, Continuity.*

Group C. (Kinetic) : *Rhythm, Intensity, Reaction, Key, Culmination.*

Group D. (Static) : *Grace, Balance, Harmony.*

This is a rough classification, for an opera does not necessarily compare with a square rood of paint or a novel of Tolstoyan length ; indeed, on the volumetric basis, an opera may have less bulk than a sonnet.

Group A. (Volumetric). By *concentration* we mean the quality of conveying a great deal within a small space. It follows that *concentration* is in inverse ratio to area, though it does not follow that area is in inverse ratio to *concentration*. While " Anna Karenin " is an enormous novel it is as concentrated as the sonnet

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of d'Arvers ; on the other hand, Francis Thompson's "Arab Love Song" is more concentrated than the complete works of Mrs. Henry Wood ; while any Rubens is more concentrated than a modern miniature, an intaglio may be more concentrated than twenty square yards of Delacroix. We nullify areas, therefore, and must lay down that the test of concentration is the effect : if the painter realises that the author has felt all he wrote, if the writer sees that every line was necessary, then both can be sure that they are respectively in presence of concentrated works.

Likewise with *relief*. A bas-relief may have none. A fresco may. *Relief* then is a matter of contrast, as is shown especially in the mosaics of Taj Mahal ; but its nature is easily seen if we compare prose with paint :

"He stood at the edge of the sea while the waves crept towards him, nearer and nearer, sinuously flowing and ebbing, but ever nearer. Ever."

I give this as an instance, not as a fragment of literature. The lonely "ever" gives *relief* to the sentence of twenty-four words if we assume that another long sentence follows. (If no sentence follows, "ever" is no longer *relief* but *culmination*, see Group C.) The painter renders the same effect by a more vivid line of foam in the middle distance, the musician by interposing a treble motif between basses. Thus, if we find variety of sentence, variety of tone we have *relief*.

Density and *Depth* need not detain us long. Flaubert, the Psalms, the Eroica and Velasquez all give the sensation we call by those names ; we mean by them that each contains a suggestion of something behind. Atmospheric quality, then, together with thought withdrawn, echo unheard and space unlimned, are the bases on which the two terms rest. The suggestion that this "behind" exists is of course essential, for we must not conclude that where there is nothing to be seen there is something to be guessed : there must be no guessing, but if a feeling of reserve is created then *density* and *depth* exist.

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Group B. (Linear). The quality of *linking* is opposed to the quality of discord, though a discord may prove to be a link. The most perfect instances of *linking* and *continuity*, for I almost identify the terms, are the solar spectrum and the song of the lark, but in the field of art we must be content with the gamut, the sequence of shades and the concatenation of phrases. In prose :

“ The bird rose up into the air, and its wings beat slowly. The air was laden with mist. The bird rose towards the clouds . . . ” is an instance where there is a solution of continuity, which could be remedied if the second sentence were related to the flight of the bird. And the same lack of continuity would exist if the painter of a harlequin were to make his skull-cap brown, if in a pause of some work of Locatelli the musician interposed (however skilfully and gradually) some characteristic Grieg chords.

It does not, of course, follow that a discord is discontinuous. Providing it recurs within the scheme of the work, as the clashes in “ Elektra,” the sequence of discords becomes a sequence of links, and we arrive at this paradox, that it is the solutions of continuity provide the continuity, while the apparently continuous portions of the work are carried by the discordant sections. Thus there is continuity in the Louvre Ghirlandajo because equivalent, if minor, discords repeat the motif of the red mantle in two other portions of the picture. The relation of the discords is sometimes vital to more than continuity, namely to *rhythm* (Group C.).

With Group C. (Kinetic) we touch the most vital portion of the subject, for the kinetic quality in art amounts to the quality of life in man. And its chief component is *rhythm*. If *rhythm* be taken as a condition of internal movement within the inanimate, as a suggestion of expanding and retracting life, of phrases (musical, pictorial or literary) that come to an inevitable resolution, it is seen that its presence in a work of art must baffle until it is realised under what guise it appears. A simple instance of prose rhythm is :

“ The wayfarer stopped by the well. He looked within its

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depths and the water was far below. Idly he dropped a pebble between the walls ; and it seemed minutes while he waited until the water sped its thanks."

This is not metrical but rhythmic prose, and it would be wearisome if the rhythm were not altered from paragraph to paragraph ; short sentences alternate with long at fixed intervals, or passive verbs are inset between actives, while Gothic words juxtaposed to Latin, or adjectival combinations, produce the same effect of rise and fall. The rhythm may be regular as the movement of a woman's breast or spasmodic within the regular as the flight of a gull.

Pictorially *rhythm* is best gauged by certain tapestries based on the flower backgrounds of Fergusson and Anne Estelle Rice. Assume a black square of cloth ; if the flowers are grouped thus, from left to right : dark red, pink, white, there is no rhythm, for the mental line is a mere downgrade ; if they are grouped : dark red, light blue, dark green, there is no rhythm, for the mental line is a mere curve, a circular or perhaps parabolic basin ; but if the grouping amounts to : dark red, pink, light blue, black, light green, cream, dark brown, there is a sensation of ebb and flow, rise and fall, *rhythm*. And this applies to drawing also, if we accept that colour is indicated by line, that lines are colours and that colours are tenses. That line can indicate colour is beyond denial, for we accept that colour is not material while tone is material. Colour being the relation of an impression to the impression of colourlessness, and tone being the resultant translation of the intensity of the colour, then it is feasible to reproduce a red and blue combination by a green and yellow combination of equal contrast. Therefore a combination of blacks may be made to balance a combination of even seven colours, provided the relative intensity (amount) of the blacks is in a true relation, in tone, with the relative intensity of the colours.

The quality of *rhythm* being absolutely obvious in music needs no discussion ; it is the only form of rhythm the popular can recognise, but if we accept the principles of grouping in phrase

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and colour, no musician will fail to recognise a sarabande in the dance of Matisse or in the posturings of Kellermann's clown.

As for *intensity*, with which goes *reaction*, for the first cannot exist without the second, it is naturally brought about by the rhythmic focussing of the subject's attention upon words, colours or notes. Intensity is marked, for instance, by the triplets of the Venusberg music, their continual, slow billowing; it can be found, less easily, in phrases and colours, but it must exist if the work is art. In prose it is marked by a general nervousness of form and word:

"Upon the crag the tower pointed to the sky like a finger of stone, and about its base were thick bushes, which had burst forth into flower patches of purple and scarlet. The air was heavy with their scent."

Here the *intensity* is confined within the simile and the colour scheme; the intervening space corresponds to the background of a picture, while the final short sentence, purposely dulled, is the *reaction*. Evidently (and all the more so as I have chosen a pictorial effect) an analogous intensity could be obtained in a painting: the flower patches could be exaggerated in colour to the uttermost limit of the palette, while the reagent final sentence was figured by a filmy treatment of the atmosphere. The limit to *intensity* is the *key* in which the work is conceived. But the word *key* must not be taken in its purely musical sense; obviously, within the same piece the governing motif must not be andante at the beginning and presto at the end, but in artistic generalisations it must be taken as the spirit that informs rather than as the technical rule which controls. Thus, in literature, the *key* is the attitude of the writer: if in one part of the book his thought recalls Thackeray and in another Paul de Kock the *key* has been changed; and again if the left side of the picture is pointillist, the right side cubist, the *key* has been changed. I choose exaggerated, almost absurd instances to make the point clear; in practice, when the writer, the musician or the painter appears to have seen consistently, the key he has worked in is steadfast.

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It should be said that uniformity of *key* does not imply absence of *reaction* : there is room, while the *key* remains uniform, for the juxtaposition of burlesque and romance, just as there is room in Holbein's " Ambassadors " for the incomprehensible object in the foreground, said to be a pun (Hohl Bein). But the *key* needs to be kept in mind as its maximum expression is the *culmination* of the effect. The *culmination* of a speech is in its peroration ; of a poem in its incorporated envoi. Thus in the " Arab Love Song," the *culmination* is :

" And thou what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart ? "

There is no difficulty there. But in painting the *culmination* is more subtle. It consists in the isolation of the chief object. Say that we have from left to right : Black, yellow, dark brown, light blue, dark red " ; then add on the extreme right crimson, then gold. The picture *culminates* on the extreme right, with the result that attention is directed there and that any object in that section of the picture benefits by an influence about equivalent to that of footlights. *Culmination* involves the painter in great difficulties, for there must be *culmination*, while an effect in the wrong place may destroy the *balance* of his work. This appertains to

Group D. (Static). Its chief quality, *balance*, is easily defined in painting. Where there is correspondence between every section of the picture, where no value is exaggerated, *balance* exists. Hence the failure of Futurism. While the Futurists understand very well *intensity*, *reaction* and *relief*, they refuse to give *balance* any attention at all ; leaving aside the absurdity of rendering the mental into terms of the pictorial, and taking as an instance one who was once less Futurist than the Futurists, Severini, we see in his " Pan-pan Dance " how he detached himself from his school : he attained *balance* by giving every object an equal *intensity*. Evidently if there are no clashes of tone-values there must be *balance*, and the instance serves to show that where there are clashes of tone-values *balance* must be ensured by the artist's hand. There is always *balance* in

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the purely decorative ; in the realistic there is *balance* if the attention of the beholder is directed simultaneously to the several points of *culmination* indicated by the *rhythm* of the picture. Thus there is *balance* in Rothenstein's "Chloe" because the rocks on the right repeat the significance of the rocks on the left.

Likewise in literature there is balance in certain groupings of phrases :

"The waves rolled in. Every one, edged with foam, curved forward to kiss the sand. Silvery in the sun they rolled. And they came assured, as if they had forgotten that they had come at other dawns, only to retire before the inert earth."

This is almost the exact "short-long-short-long" of waves themselves, and there is *balance* because each short-long grouping figures one curled wave. Nothing clarifies this idea so well as the Morse Code.

With perfect *balance* go *grace* and *harmony*. While *grace* must stand by itself as a not especially important quality because it is not, need not, always be present, *harmony* must be recognised as a synonym of *balance*. It is only because *grace* is often used where *harmony* is meant that it finds a place in this glossary. Obviously there is no *grace* in Rodin's Balzac, while there is *grace* in every note of Lulli and Glück ; by *grace* we mean the quality of lightness we find in Pater, Meredith, André Gide, Mozart, Watteau, Donatello : the instances suffice to indicate the meaning, while *harmony*, if it be taken as a synonym of *balance* needs no further explanation than has been given for that term.

I venture to repeat in conclusion that there is nothing dogmatic about these ideas. They are subject to criticism and objection, for we are groping in the dark towards what Mr. Leonard Inkster calls the standardisation of artistic terms ; if I prefer to his scientific way the more inspired suggestion of "esperanto," that is a common language of the arts, it is without fear of being called metaphysical. It may be argued that a purely intellectual attempt to extract and correlate the inspirations of forms of art is a

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metaphysical exercise doomed to failure by its own ambition. I do not think so. For art is universal enough to contain all the appeals, the sensuous, the intellectual and, for those who perceive it, the spiritual ; but the sensuous is incapable of explanation because sensuousness is a thing of perceptions which vanish as soon as the brain attempts to state them in mental terms ; and the spiritual, which I will define much as I would faith as a stimulation produced by a thing which one knows to be inexistent, also resists analysis ; if we are to bridge the gulf that separates the various forms of art, some intellectual process must be applied. Now it may be metaphysical to treat of the soul in terms of the intellect, but the intellect has never in philosophic matters refrained from laying hands upon the alleged soul of man ; I see no reason, therefore, to place art higher than the essence of human life and grant it immunity from attack and exegesis by the intellect. Indeed, the intellect in its metaphysical moods is alone capable of solving the riddle of artistic sensation. Once defined by intellect and applied by intellect, the esperanto of the arts may well serve to reconcile them and demonstrate to their various forms, against their will, their fundamental unity.

EPILOGUE: PENSION SEGUIN By KATHERINE
MANSFIELD

THE servant who opened the door was twin sister to that efficient and hideous creature bearing a soup tureen into the *First French Picture*. Her round red face shone like freshly washed china. She had a pair of immense bare arms to match, and a quantity of mottled hair arranged in a sort of bow. I stammered in a ridiculous, breathless fashion, as though a pack of Russian wolves were behind me rather than five flights of beautifully polished French stairs. "Have you a room?" The servant girl did not know. She would ask Madame. Madame was at dinner. "Will you come in, please?" Through the dark hall, guarded by a large black stove that had the appearance of a headless cat with one red all-seeing eye in the middle of its stomach, I followed her into the salon. "Please to sit down," said the servant girl, closing the door behind her. I heard her list slippers shuffle along the corridor, the sound of another door opening—a little clamour—instantly suppressed. Silence followed. The salon was long and narrow, with a yellow floor dotted with white mats. White muslin curtains hid the windows: the walls were white, decorated with pictures of pale ladies drifting down cypress avenues to forsaken temples, and moons rising over boundless oceans. You would have thought that all the long years of Madame's virginity had been devoted to the making of white mats—that her childish voice had lisped its numbers in crochet work stitches. I did not dare to begin counting them. They rained upon me from every possible place, like impossible snowflakes. Even the piano stool was buttoned into one embroidered with *P. F.* I had been looking for a resting place all the morning. At the start I flew up innumerable stairs as though they were major scales—the most cheerful things in the world—but after repeated failures the scales had resolved into the minor, and my heart which was quite cast down by this time, leapt up again at these signs and tokens of virtue and sobriety. "A woman with such sober passions," thought I, "is bound to be quiet and

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clean, with few babies and a much absent husband. Mats are not the sort of things that lend themselves in their making to cheerful singing. Mats are essentially the fruits of pious solitude. I shall certainly take a room here." And I began to dream of unpacking my clothes in a little white room, and getting into a kimono and lying on a white bed, watching the curtains float out from the window in the delicious autumn air that smelled of apples and honey . . . until the door opened and a tall thin woman in a lilac pinafore came in, smiling in a vague fashion. "Madame Seguin?" "Yes, Madame." I repeated the familiar story. A quiet room. Removed from any church bells, or crowing cocks, or little boys' schools, or railway stations. "There are none of such things anywhere near here," said Madame, looking very surprised. "I have a very beautiful room to let, and quite unexpectedly. It has been occupied by a young gentleman from Buenos Ayres whose father died, unfortunately, and implored him to return home immediately. Quite natural, indeed." "Oh, very!" said I, hoping that the Hamlet-like apparition was at rest again and would not invade my solitude to make certain of his son's obedience. "If Madame will follow me." Down a dark corridor, round a corner I felt my way. I wanted to ask Madame if this was where Buenos Ayres père appeared unto his son, but I did not dare to. "Here—you see. Quite away from everything," said Madame.

I have always viewed with a proper amount of respect and abhorrence those penetrating spirits who are not susceptible to appearances. What is there to believe in except appearances? I have nearly always found that they are the only things worth enjoying at all, and if ever an innocent child lays its head upon my knee and begs for the truth of the matter, I shall tell it the story of my one and only nurse, who, knowing my horror of gooseberry jam, spread a coating of apricot over the top of the jam jar. As long as I believed it apricot I was happy, and learning wisdom, I contrived to eat the apricot and leave the gooseberry behind. "So, you see, my little innocent creature," I shall end, "the great thing

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to learn in this life is to be content with appearances, and shun the vulgarities of the grocer and the philosopher."

Bright sunlight streamed through the windows of the delightful room. There was an alcove for the bed, a writing table was placed against the window, a couch against the wall. And outside the window I looked down upon an avenue of gold and red trees and up at a range of mountains white with fresh fallen snow. "One hundred and eighty francs a month," murmured Madame, smiling at nothing, but seeming to imply by her manner "of course this has nothing to do with the matter." I said, "That is too much. I cannot afford more than one hundred and fifty francs." "But," explained Madame, "the size! the alcove. And the extreme rarity of being overlooked by so many mountains." "Yes," I said. "And then the food. There are four meals a day, and breakfast in your room if you wish it." "Yes," I said, more feebly. "And my husband a professor at the Conservatoire—that again is so rare." Courage is like a disobedient dog. Once it starts running away, it flies all the faster for your attempts to recall it. "One hundred and sixty," I said. "If you agree to take it for two months I will accept," said Madame very quickly. I agreed.

Marie helped to unstrap my boxes. She knelt on the floor, grinning and scratching her big red arms.

"Ah, how glad I am Madame has come," she said. "Now we shall have some life again. Monsieur Arthur, who lived in this room—he was a gay one. Singing all day, and sometimes dancing. Many a time Mademoiselle Ambatielos would be playing and he'd dance for an hour without stopping." "Who is Mademoiselle Ambatielos?" I asked. "A young lady, studying at the Conservatoire," said Marie, sniffing in a very friendly fashion. "But she gives lessons, too. Ah, mon Dieu, sometimes when I'm dusting her room I think her fingers will drop off. She plays all day long. But I like that—that's life, noise is. That's what I say. You'll hear her soon. Up and down she goes!" said Marie, with extreme heartiness. "But," I cried, loathing Marie, "how many other

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people are staying here ? ” Marie shrugged. “ Nobody to speak of. There’s the Russian gentleman, a priest he is, and Madame’s three children—and that’s all. The children are lively enough,” she said, filling the washstand pitcher, “ but then, there’s the baby—the boy! Ah, you’ll know about him, poor little one, soon enough ! ” She was so detestable, I would not ask her anything further.

I waited until she had gone, and leaned against the window-sill, watching the sun deepen in the trees until they seemed full and trembling with gold, and wondering what was the matter with the mysterious baby.

All through the afternoon Mademoiselle Ambatielos and the piano warred with the Appassionata Sonata. They shattered it to bits and remade it to their heart’s desire—they unpicked it—and tried it in various styles. They added a little touch—caught up something. Finally they decided that the only thing of importance was the loud pedal. The mysterious baby, hidden behind Heaven knows how many doors, cried with such curious persistence that I had to strain my ears, wondering if it was a baby or an engine or a far-off whistle. At dusk Marie, accompanied by the two little girls, brought me a lamp. My appearance disturbed these charming children to such an extent that they rushed up and down the corridor in a frenzied state for half an hour afterwards, bumping themselves against the walls, and shrieking with derisive laughter. At eight the gong sounded for supper. I was hungry. The corridor was filled with the warm, strong smell of cooked meat. “ Well,” I thought, “ at any rate, judging by the smell the food must be good.” And feeling very frightened I entered the dining room.

Two rows of faces turned to watch me. M. Seguin introduced me, rapped on the table with the soup spoon, and the two little girls, impudent and scornful, cried “ Bon soir, Madame,” while the baby, half washed away by his afternoon performance, emptied his cup of milk over his head while Madame Seguin showed me my seat. In the confusion caused by this last episode, and by his being

Epilogue : Pension Seguin

carried away by Marie, screaming and spitting with rage, I sat down next to the Russian priest and opposite Mademoiselle Ambatielos. M. Seguin took a loaf of bread from a three-legged basket at his elbow and carved it against his chest. Soup was served—with vermicelli letters of the alphabet floating in it. These were last straws to the little Seguin's table manners.

"Maman, Yvonne's got more letters than me." "Maman, Hélène keeps taking my letters out with her spoon." "Children! Children! Quiet, quiet!" said Madame Seguin gently. "No, don't do it." Hélène seized Yvonne's plate and pulled it towards her. "Stop," said M. Seguin, who was like a rat, with spectacles all misted over with soup steam. "Hélène, leave the table. Go to Marie." Exit Hélène, with her apron over her head.

Soup was followed by chestnuts and brussels sprouts. All the time the Russian priest, who wore a pale blue tie with a buttoned frock coat and a moustache fierce as a Gogol novel, kept up a flow of conversation with Mademoiselle Ambatielos. She looked very young. She was stout, with a high firm bust decorated with a spray of artificial roses. She never ceased touching the roses or her blouse or hair, or looking at her hands—with a smile trembling on her mouth and her blue eyes wide and staring. She seemed half intoxicated with her fresh young body.

"I saw you this morning when you didn't see me," said the priest. "You didn't." "I did." "He didn't, did he, Madame?" Madame Seguin smiled, and carried away the chestnuts, bringing back a dish of pears.

"I hope you will come into the salon after dinner," she said to me. "We always chat a little—we are such a small family party." I smiled, wondering why pears should follow chestnuts.

"I must apologise for baby," she went on. "He is so nervous. But he spends his day in a room at the other end of the appartement to you. You will not be troubled. Only think of it. He passes whole days banging his little head against the floors and walls. The doctors cannot understand it at all." M. Seguin pushed back

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his chair, said grace. I followed desperately into the salon. "I expect you have been admiring my mats," said Madame Seguin, with more animation than she had hitherto shown. "People always imagine they are the product of my industry. But alas, no ! They are all made by my friend Madame Kummer, who has the pension on the first floor."



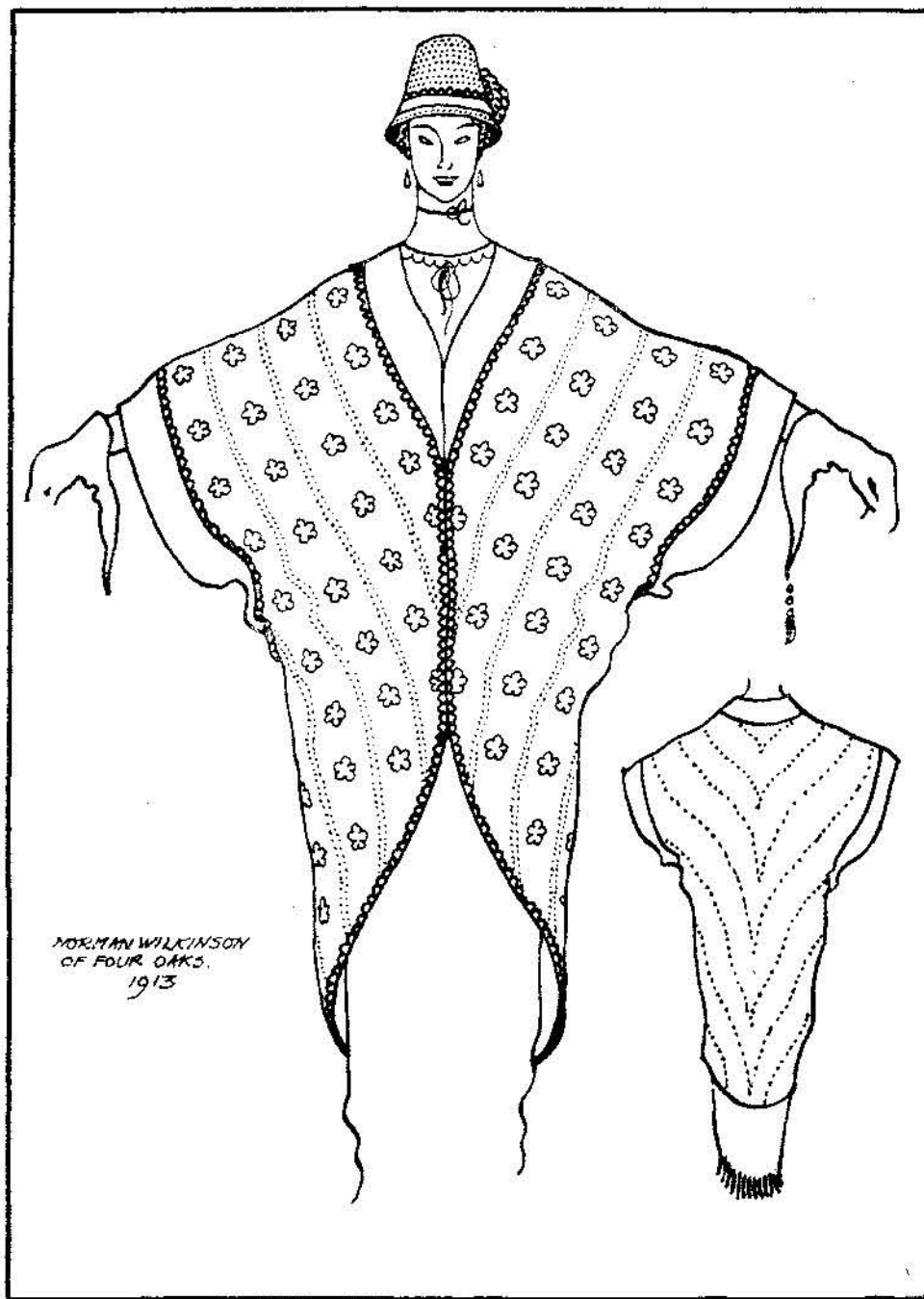
Painting

Ambrose McEvoy



Two Drawings

Derwent Lees



Design for a Wrap

Norman Wilkinson



Design for Fancy Dress

Harold Squire

THE THEATRE : By GILBERT CANNAN

Conventions : Chinese, English and French

THERE is at the Duke of York's Theatre an ingenious entertainment called *The Yellow Jacket*, which purports to be a Chinese play in the Chinese manner. Whether it is really Chinese or not does not matter. It is sufficiently like *The Mikado* and *Willow-pattern* and unlike *The Letters of John Chinaman* to be accepted by an English audience. What is important is that it is an entertainment which does perfectly set up its conventions for the evening's purposes. It has no change of scene. The author of the piece and proprietor of the troupe of actors announces the shifting of the scene—" 'Tis a room in the palace of Wu Sin "—" 'Tis a love-nest," etc.—and, because he believes in the transformation, his words carry conviction. All the machinery of the stage is exposed. There is absolutely no deception, as the conjurer says, and the audience is trusted to deceive itself, and it does so. Unfortunately for it-self this deception does not lead to anything, because the American authors have, like so many of their English colleagues, been concerned more with stage trickery than with any dramatic idea. They have trusted too much to the novelty and the humours of Chinese convention and have failed to see to it that the play itself, which moves through that convention, should be imaginative and charming. In fine, this Chinese play is infected with the vices of the Western theatre to such an extent that its own virtues do not appear and the entertainment does not invariably entertain : indeed, without Mr. Frederick Ross as the Chorus and Mr. Holman Clark as the Property Man there would be very little fun at *that* theatre. The actors, as is so often the case, are left to make the best of a poor business and so it is not from China that we are to look for help, though the magnates of the theatre will no doubt ransack the Far East and the Further West before they begin to look at home for dramatic fare to lay before the English public.

It seems very certain that, the Court Theatre school having

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carried their revolution so far, and seeming impotent to bring it to a head, there will be in the main theatres of London a pleasant reaction. It is not without significance that the youngest of the actor-managers should produce the masterpiece of old Sardou, the greatest of theatrical conjurers. "Absolutely no deception, ladies and gentlemen. The quickness of the action deceives the eye." The idol of Francisque Sarcey had a diabolical ingenuity in using the theatre to create in his audience a sort of spurious excitement, very like that of "spotting winners." He lays a scent, crosses it, doubles, trails aniseed across it, brings you to running water, bears you off on a chase after nothing, gives you an evening's occupation that has neither rhyme nor reason, impresses you in your excitement with his marvellous ingenuity and leaves you in cold blood to realise his incurable futility. You are not asked to believe and you do not believe in any of the characters of the play. You are not asked to set up any convention except it be a convention to assume the cleverness of M. Sardou and your own imbecility. Once that is granted then the play proceeds to pick its way through the maze. It is not elevating but it is, up to a point, amusing. Unfortunately the fashion on which that kind of thing lived is dead, for we have gained a certain degree of efficiency in a finer use of the machinery of the theatre. We have made room in the theatre, if not for beauty, at least for an idea or two. Worst of all (for Sardou and Sarcey) we have begun to think our theatre in London superior to the theatre of Paris. We are beginning to want to use our own conventions and to use them to some purpose, or, again, we are inclined to make a convention of the absence of conventions and to say, Be hanged to action, give us character. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, in *The Great Adventure*, has the most fantastical and flimsy excuse for setting the machinery of the theatre in motion. He has a wildly improbable story which is hardly at all susceptible of exposition in terms of drama, but his interest is centred in his two characters of the painter and Janet Cannot, and by these he justifies himself of the demand he makes on our time

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and pockets (I always pay for my seat in case I may have in all good faith to insult author and manager). He says with his admirable common sense : " I can entertain you in my own way. I can provide admirable opportunities for actors and actresses." Agreed. All the same, the pleasure that is to be got in the theatre from the revelation of character in dramatic action is keener and, more profitable than that which is to be got from the leisurely and, so to speak, extrinsic exposition of character for its own sake. It is all a matter of convention, and I find that we have, after all, something to learn from the Chinese.

Let me add that we have nothing at all to learn from the Japanese of Melchior Lengyel in *Typhoon*, which is pure but not very competent Sardou. In spite of all the industry and ingenuity that have gone to the making of the play and its production, no sufficient convention is set up. The action of the play is not affected by the hero's being a Japanese, and the over-elaborate colouring of the Japanese element jars with the thread-bare French textures of the piece. All the labour to induce conviction of something that is fundamentally untrue and clearly irrelevant to the action produces exhaustion and a sort of irritation to which the excitement of the effective theatrical scenes come as such a relief that many people will believe that *Typhoon* is a tolerable play. It is not nearly so good as *Diplomacy*.

FICTION By HUGH WALPOLE
A New Book by Charles Marriott

MODERN English criticism, allowing as it does that Poetry and Essay and Drama are fit subjects for its most serious attention, nevertheless denies the novel similar privileges : the modern novel, it gives us to understand, is, when popular, bad, and when unpopular pretentious, and behind this general principle there lurks a conviction that the art of selection is in modern fiction an impossible thing and that, at any rate, even when a selection is made, nobody cares. The endeavour in England to notice every novel that is published must lead to certain disaster, and the fact that the novel about which most people wish to read notices is, as a rule, the novel about which there is the least, critically, to be said, adds to the difficulties. Finally, it is beyond question true that the general level of English fiction is, at the present moment, high, and this very quantity of adequate work adds to the confusion of the critic's duties.

The critic, confronted with novel after novel that would, with its cleverness and ability, have surprised the forties and fifties into amazed applause, has, nevertheless, to admit that the passage of these same volumes through this modern world is swift and inglorious, three months being, on the whole, their allotted span of life. He is then forced to conclude that the standard of the English novel is higher in 1913 than it was in 1850 ; then why, if that be the case, does no novel published to-day seem assured of any immortality ? In short, by what standards is the critic of to-day to arrange his rewards and penalties ?

The first and immediate necessity, if one is to deal in any ordered fashion with the two thousand novels hurled annually at the head of an amiably indulgent public, is the necessity of selection, and this selection must be made in accordance with certain rules, and these rules must come immediately from one's own direct question, What do I personally want from the novel ? It may be taken for granted that what I personally want is in no way

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the same thing as what Mr. S—— or Mr. M—— require, but, allow them to formulate their rules and proceed to their individual judgments, and compare those judgments with my own, then, at any rate, from the three conditions of selection, some interesting definition may be gathered.

The qualities, then, that I require of the modern novel are a conviction of personality, a knowledge of life and a love of form and, of these, I believe the first to be the most essential. The novelist of to-day is confronted with a thousand examples of his art, whereas the novelist of a hundred years ago had the undiscovered world before him ; again and again, to-day, we are confronted with the most admirable and lifelike imitations of other people's masterpieces and these imitations may, critically, be dismissed at once : a second Fielding, a second Meredith, even a second Arnold Bennett is of less value to us than a first Mary Brown or a genuine James Robinson.

It is, however, one of the most encouraging signs for the believer in the health and strength of the English novel of the twentieth century that so many evidences of this same individuality are to be found ; during the months of the present year we have had Mr. Cannan's " Round the Corner," Mr. Marriott's " Cat-fish," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' " Studies in Love and Terror," Miss Meynell's " Lot Barrow," Miss May Sinclair's " Combined Maze," and Mr. Oliver Onion's " Debit Account," and in all of these personality, knowledge of life and sense of form are (in various degrees) to be discovered ; in all these novels there is to be found an intellectual courage and a determined honesty that is beyond all praise.

Although Mr. Cannan may owe something to the greatest of modern English novels, " The Way of All Flesh," Miss Sinclair something to Mr. Hoopdriver and Mr. Lewisham, and Miss Meynell something to Jane Austen, there is evidence of enough individuality here to support the optimists and confound the faint-hearted, but, of them all, Mr. Charles Marriott has in " The

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Catfish " (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) produced the outstanding novel of the present year, and it is in " The Catfish " that I find the most complete fulfilment of my three essentials. If at the present time the standard of criticism had been less confused, the author of " The Column," " Genevra," " The Wondrous Wife," and " Now ! " would have been rewarded with acclamation, but a certain almost frigid distinction, a determination to advance no single step towards the coloured appreciations of the public lest any atom of personality should be sacrificed, have hindered his popularity, and the poetry of " Genevra " and " The Wondrous Wife," the sharp brilliance of " Now ! " and " The Kiss of Helen " are still waiting for their sufficient acknowledgment.

Towards this acknowledgment " The Catfish " will surely assist him, for now, for the first time, there is some softening of that earlier coldness and a fine tenderness, unusual in Mr. Marriott's work and, hitherto, the great quality lacking in it, has crept into his pages.

In watching the work of the younger English novelists of to-day one is struck by the fact that they have all of them the same end in view, namely, to represent the most modern aspects of modern life in some form that may be true to both realism and romance. If it be true that " realism is the prose, and romance the poetry, of things seen " (and this is a very halting definition) then this general characteristic is proved to be true. Mr. Onions lights a sordid murder with the colours of flashing sky-signs and wet lamp-lit streets—Mr. Cannan plunges into the heart of his sordid family an adventurer with a soul as romantic as the forests and deserts that he has encountered—Miss Sinclair, as she traces the misadventures of a half-starved little clerk in a garden city, makes of a Polytechnic drill a dance that beats, rhythmically, through every page of her history—Miss Meynell introduces into her tragedy of a servant-girl the figure of a sailor whose passion for the romance of the sea colours the whole history. And so with them all. The younger English novelist is concerned with the romance of

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the most material of modern phenomena, and that is no mean life-work.

This is, most emphatically, Mr. Marriott's concern, and "The Catfish" is a most eloquent example of it. "Quite early in life George Tracy discovered that if he were to be reasonably happy and prosperous he must pretend." Here in Mr. Marriott's first sentence you have the note of the book.

It is George Tracy's intention to be prosperous, it is also his especial fate that he should be accompanied, to the end of his days, by his imagination. He sees quite clearly (like all Mr. Marriott's heroes his perception is always sharper than that of his companions) that this imagination of his will interfere with this same prosperity unless some especial use be made of it, and during the first half of the book, the reader observes his attempts to discover what his fellow-beings do with their imagination, if they have any, and in what way success is to be helped by imagination without becoming unpractical. How to combine the selling of soap with the delight in the thunders of a waterfall is the book's question, and do we not then instantly perceive that here Mr. Marriott is precisely in line with the other more individual novelists of this generation?

Tracy notices that modern business can be assisted in its most practical issues by this same element of romance, and finally he establishes a shop that by this very combination of the hard-headed realist and the dreaming idealist secures for every individual customer his heart's desire.

Tracy does not arrive at his solution without help, and in the character of Mary Festing Mr. Marriott has given us a most delicate and elusive character. So elusive is she, as she appears and disappears throughout George's history, coming to his aid, almost against his will, suggesting this and that link in the chain of his discoveries, finally vanishing when he has made his solution, that we, the readers, are not tangibly conscious of her existence. She is the finely coloured figure symbolising this interpenetration of realism and romance for which he is searching. She keeps his soul

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alive, forbidding the poetry in it to make it loose and casual, forbidding the prose its harder, less visionary qualities. She is, finally, "the Catfish"—"for the catfish is the demon of the deep and keeps things lively."

In its evidence of personality this beautiful book is, of course, abounding. No one living or dead, save Mr. Marriott, could have written it. In its knowledge of life, also, it is surely sufficient. In spite of the poetry of its theme, no single concession is made to the spirit of untruth. Mr. Marriott's shop is a perfectly practical, possible shop: his soap and his hair-brushes are marked with their priced tickets, and their value is the best possible for the money. On the other hand, the imagination of George Tracy is exactly the imagination that a modern man of affairs may be permitted to possess: the waterfall, the garden, and that little vision of Cornwall: "It wasn't so much what might happen as what things *meant*; the sulky way the hills at the back of Porth Enys bumped along to the Land's End; the sudden woods of ash-trees in the valleys; the stealthy turns of the road from Porth Enys to Porthlew, the magic of the Mount in grey weather"—these things are of the very stuff of life.

Finally, in no earlier book of his has Mr. Marriott displayed, so magnificently, his sense of form. His was a theme that tempted to over-writing, over-description, over-emphasis. Never is there a word too many, never is that art of suggestion of which he is so fine an exponent allowed to degenerate into artificiality.

For originality, for reality, for economy this book is, indeed, a book of mark.

GENERAL LITERATURE By FRANK SWINNERTON

The Final Word

IT is a clear sign of the death of the Victorian spirit that so many of our younger critics should now be saying the final word about its various exemplars. Mr. Chesterton, in a brilliant and wonderful book, "The Victorian Age in Literature" (Williams and Norgate, 1s. net) has run off a strangely simplified list of great names, with characteristic *elan*. Another much abused book has recently dealt discouragingly with the literature of the nineties; and an anthology of Victorian verse has shocked both poets and precisians by its daring extension of the Victorian era to our own day. All sorts of monographs upon the Victorian writers, artists, and notabilities are appearing; and it is noticeable that, for the most part, they reveal a resolve that this new Georgian Age should really begin clear of all muddled notions of its amorphous predecessor. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who has already enriched the new age with eloquent poetry, has discovered in Mr. Thomas Hardy the one novelist who has raised his craft to the level of the major arts ("Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study." Secker. 7s. 6d. net). He has introduced his proposition with a fable, in which man's surplus imagination rather vaguely demands of art the complete expression and exercise of "those inmost desires which in ordinary experience are by no means to be completely expressed." He elaborates the idea of man's need, and appears thereby to have given Art a definition; which, however, is not the case, for the book, by saying what need Art satisfies, completely avoids saying what Art is. It may be questioned, in this connection, whether Art is not a stimulus to man's imagination rather than an employer of waste energy. Mr. Abercrombie has a very vigorous intellect, and his book is distinguished by a sense of form which gives it unique value in Mr. Secker's handsome series. I cannot help regretting, therefore, that his parade of intellectual dignity and philosophic reasoning puts difficulties in the reader's way, and that he should have been tempted into developing a theory of the novel which is appropriate only to Mr. Hardy. It does not seem to me any good to make a theory out of Mr. Hardy's novels simply in order momentarily to rank the novel with the other arts. It is surely the critic's function

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to inquire into the nature of that which is (I mean, in formulating a general proposition), and not to seek to found an art on a purely arbitrary metaphysical basis. Mr. Abercrombie's present theory, however logical, tends to exalt one man and his method over all other methods whatsoever. Mr. Hardy is a rural novelist. The English novel, on the whole, is urban ; and urban life is more complex, and, in a way, less seizable than country life. Its characteristics are less positive. If our urban novelists are less imposingly rigid in their metaphysic than Mr. Hardy it is not because they are "timid" : it is because their material, being diffused, does not permit truthfully of such simplicity of form as Mr. Hardy's. When an artist is ridden by his metaphysic, so that it becomes a tyrant rather than an interpreter, his art is the less perfect. Mr. Abercrombie, bent upon establishing a declared philosophic basis for Art, is inclined to subdue this fact, because his own sympathy lies in the direction of austere Classical determinism. But he should not write as though the accident of Mr. Hardy's situation was a condition of Art. For most of his particular criticism, I have nothing but admiring appreciation. It seems to make worth while the sheer intellectual effort which at times is necessary in order to understand some of the rather portentous writing. And it should be recognised that the book is by far the best appreciation of Mr. Hardy that has appeared. It is a book which defies the ordinary kind of kick-and-run review, both by its profundity and its highly emphatic pride in unusual possessions.

Mr. Abercrombie has not much to say about the Victorians. He is content to refer to "the spirit of the time." But Mr. Martin Wood ("George du Maurier : The Satirist of the Victorians." Chatto. 7s. 6d. net) is very pointed and frequent in his allusions, as becomes the biographer of a satirist. To Mr. Wood it seems desirable to describe the Victorian age as one of sentiment, as one without humour and without vulgarity. It was impossible, according to Mr. Wood, for a Victorian to be an artist ; and accordingly the real artists "of the time" sought their inspiration outside The Town and the age. Mr. Wood himself is clearly entitled by many congenial sympathies to write about du Maurier, and the book is very entertaining as well as very inclusive. Du Maurier does not represent a particularly Victorian attitude of amused shrewd tolerance of many

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things which, in our own age, to the rebuttal of the charge of frivolity, produce more violent emotions. He tolerated sentimentality, because he indulged in it ; he laughed at the social ambitions of the newly rich because he neither resented nor feared their intrusion upon himself ; he admired the Victorian conception of gentility because it embodied the Victorian hybrid of chivalry and utilitarianism. And, like all the Victorians except Dickens, who was a common man with passionate sympathies, his humour often indulgently displayed itself in polite facetiousness and—especially in his novels—in a sort of tender benignity which is not calculated to survive the Victorian age. All this is illustrated and aptly hit off in Mr. Wood's book, which has large claims upon the public. Mr. Wood has seen du Maurier kindly and microscopically ; and he is good at exposition and commentary. His writing is rather like that of dainty old letters, in faint ink, scrupulously small, with what might seem an anxious dread of being commonplace. The outcome, although both generous and enthusiastic, is studiously moderate, and is contained in a long and rather charming series of modest "happy thoughts." At times, when showing his sympathy with du Maurier's preference for joyous, pleasant things, Mr. Wood becomes merely silly, as when he says : "It seems to have been left for modern artists to grow wealthy and live comfortably upon the proceeds of their own relation of the world's despair ; if they are playwrights, to live most snugly upon the box-receipts of an entrapped audience unnerved for the struggle of life by their ghastly picture of life's gloom." He becomes on page 121 very Victorian indeed, by proclaiming, by way of emphasis, that "Summer is as great as Winter." But elsewhere he very prettily expresses himself upon a host of other things, and really shows the perception that we should expect from his gentle emphatics.

It is some sort of reflection upon the impermanence of du Maurier's serious art that the illustrations to "Harry Richmond" make the reader uncomfortable. The novel seems in recollection so much richer than these drawings, which belong pathetically to a period of low artistic vitality. It is in reading Mr. R. H. Gretton's "Modern History of the English People" (Grant Richards, two volumes, 7s. 6d. net each) that we see some explanation of this low vitality. "Harry Richmond" was published in 1871, and, according

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to Mr. Gretton, it was several years later that a new spirit was infused into Art. At first the newly endowed middle-class was bent only upon "something different," with the result that the Victorian theories—as, for example, in street decoration—were succeeded by a passion for rococo effects. The middle-class "allowed itself to be told that many of its surroundings were ugly, and it substituted for them others of a different taste with exactly the same superficial attention." William Morris "was roused to fury, not by blank impenetrability on the part of the middle-class, but by the quality of its susceptibility," which, in fact, showed no truer idea, but only a fresh misunderstanding. It hastened to become artistic, without any real new vision, like any eager, well-intentioned person who hastens to execute instructions before he has grasped them. So for a time the eighties showed confusion. But they were better than the seventies, because they were actually in turmoil, however mistaken. And in the seventies the particular mid-Victorian flow of energy had dwindled, while the diverse energies of the final quarter of a century were not yet apparent.

It would not be possible to do anything like justice to Mr. Gretton's book in the present chronicle, because it is the history of a busy time, very much compressed, and very intricate. It does not compare with the late Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," for the reason that it is more comprehensive, more incisive, and more expert. McCarthy was a political journalist who wrote fluently about the things in which he was interested. Mr. Gretton is a critic who, in 450 pages, has described the extraordinary tumult of eighteen years (from 1880 to 1898). When the second, and concluding volume of his book appears, I shall hope to return to it. Meanwhile we may perhaps glance at a sentence from his preface germane to our present subject. Mr. Gretton writes: "The death of Queen Victoria closed an epoch, but the new epoch was to throw light upon that which preceded it." Now it will have been noted that Mr. Gretton's book is to survey the history of England up to the year 1910. It would not be very daring to suggest that by that year the various forces of the Victorian age were either exhausted or so clearly defined as to throw the entire period into relief. The result has been shown in the books published since 1910. We have a tolerably clear series of concurrent activities

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in the Arts—some of which have grown powerful after long, silent preparation, some of which are due simply to a consciousness of untrammelled youth. With these active movements towards the manifestations of a new contemporary art, there has come the critical activity which leads those at the beginning of a new era to examine the corpses of ancient energies by the light of distinct, unprejudiced intelligence. Criticism of the Victorians has been Victorian : it is now something else. Before now, it has said—in a Victorian phrase—“ We are still too near . . .” Now, we can accept Mr. Chesterton’s critical nonconformity, and Mr. Abercrombie’s philosophistry, and Mr. Wood’s quietly mannered epigraphs, in the sanely critical spirit of Mr. Gretton’s analysis of forces and tendencies. And the development is all to the good, because the variety in critical standards, no less than the variety in creative methods, is in all probability a proof of new and sanguine vitality.

THOSE who admire the puissant genius of Balzac will find a certain keen pleasure in reading every page of his strange medley of criticisms ("Honoré de Balzac, Critique Littéraire." Introduction de Louis Lumet. Messein, 7 fr. 50) published in the series of unsuccessful newspapers produced by him between the years 1830 and 1840. The first of these ventures was the *Feuilleton des Journaux Politiques*, in which appeared by far the greater mass of his articles. This was followed by the *Chronique de Paris* (1835), *La Caricature*, and finally, when Balzac was at the height of his fame, by the *Revue Parisienne* (1840), in which appeared his best critical work, including his famous article upon Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*. The cumulative effect upon the reader of this collection of criticisms is in the main one of amazement at Balzac's encyclopaedic interests. There is in this book the same tumultuous desire for universal knowledge that finds its expression, at a higher emotional level, in the *Comédie Humaine*. In the *Feuilleton* we find Balzac reviewing scientific treatises on the Laws of Light, military text-books upon cavalry exercises, and an exposition of the Pauline Epistles; and in all cases we find his criticism competent and informed by a genuine enthusiasm for universality. But such reviews possess at the best an antiquarian interest for their curiosity's sake. It is well to have them collected. They may always afford an afternoon's enjoyment and an increase of our unceasing wonder that Balzac could have done the countless things he did.

Of far different quality and deserving far different treatment are the essay on the *Chartreuse de Parme*, the article on Sainte-Beuve, and the two criticisms of Hugo's *Hernani*. Balzac disapproved of *Hernani*; but his critical motives expressed in his first article are of the highest. "Il est donc d'autant plus utile que ce drame soit jugé consciencieusement, que, si l'auteur était dans une fausse voie, beaucoup de gens le suivraient, et que nous y perdriions, nous, des chefs-d'œuvre sans doute, et lui son avenir." These are the reasons why Balzac devoted a detailed and searching criticism to *Hernani*. "We will examine in succession," he wrote, "the conduct of each person, then the *ensemble* of the drama and its aim; and finally we will inquire if this work marks

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a step forward in dramatic art ; and, if it does so, in what sense it does so." Probabilities, and above all the intrinsic logic of character, are set at wilful defiance in the play ; and to the character of Charles V. Balzac devotes one of the most significant passages in the book.

" A drama is the expression of a human passion, of an individuality, or of some great deed. *Phedre* is the example of a drama expressing a passion. *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, or *Richard III.* are examples of the drama that expresses an individuality. In each work the genius of the poet has originally translated a human life, whether it be Racine who idealises it, or Shakespeare who presents it with every nuance. Schiller in ' William Tell ' represented a deed with its accessories : men, passions, interests. All three arrived at the aim of dramatic art. But here the character of Charles V. does not belong to any of these three theories. Don Carlos does not express events, character, or passion. He might be called Louis XIV. or Louis XV. Perhaps M. Victor Hugo wished to find the formula for Royalty." And Balzac follows out his criticism relentlessly until he reaches the conclusion : " L'auteur nous semble, jusqu'à présent, meilleur prosateur que poète, et plus poète que dramatisle. M. Victor Hugo ne rencontrera jamais un trait de naturel que par hasard ; et à moins de travaux consciencieux, d'une grande docilité aux conseils d'amis sévères, la scène lui est interdite."

Between Balzac and Sainte-Beuve a great gulf was fixed. It may be that in part Balzac's hostility to Sainte-Beuve was due to the treatment that he had himself received from Sainte-Beuve ; but in truth the barrier between them was Jansenism. Balzac often forgot that he was a Roman Catholic, but at heart he always was, and he remembered it when he criticised " Port-Royal." Sainte-Beuve for him is the past-master of *ennui*. " As you read M. Sainte-Beuve, *ennui* soon falls upon you, as you sometimes feel a fine rain fall and finally soak you to the bones. Phrases, with ideas too tenuous to seize, rain down upon you one by one and sadden the intelligence that exposes itself to this humid French." To Balzac, Sainte-Beuve's style is finicking. " He goes led by an idea to collect a tiny bouquet "—and he returns laden with a bundle of hay. If Balzac could have abated a little of his spleen

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he would perhaps have said that Sainte-Beuve was exercising a most delicate power of selection ; and would have found in him something akin to the genius he so warmly recognises and champions in his article on *Chartreuse de Parme*.

When we recollect the treatment that Stendhal received during his lifetime, during the whole of which he went practically unrecognised, there appears something magnificent in Balzac's eulogy, " M. Beyle has written a book in which sublimity breaks forth in every chapter. He has produced a work which cannot be appreciated save by men of the highest souls, at a time when it is but rarely that men even *discover* great subjects and then only after having written a score of extremely spiritual books." Doubtless Balzac was vaguely conscious of the presence in Stendhal of a power that he himself never had, a sense of perfect form and balance by which in *Le Rouge et le Noir* and in *Chartreuse de Parme* we are given a picture of society in which manners never predominate over men nor men over manners. Stendhal had a lesser gift than the author of the *Comedie Humaine* ; but his gift was in greater perfection. Balzac did not see this clearly ; but he did recognise clearly and without hesitation that Stendhal was a man of genius. He devoted to the book one of the most masterly pieces of genuine critical analysis that has ever been written ; and championed Stendhal in 1840 when Stendhal himself prophesied that he would but begin to be read in 1880.

" I have read the book for the third time lately ; I have found the book ever more beautiful, and I have felt in my mind the happiness that comes from the prospect of doing good.

" Is it not doing good to endeavour to do justice to a man of immense talent, whose genius will be discerned only by the eyes of some privileged beings ; the transcendence of whose ideas deprives him of that immediate but passing popularity sought by the courtisans of the people and despised by great souls ? If mediocrities knew that they are given a chance of raising themselves to the company of the sublime by understanding them, then *Chartreuse de Parme* would have as many readers as *Clarissa Harlowe* had when it appeared."

L'Ordination, by Julien Benda (Emile-Paul, 3 fr. 50) has been

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a stumbling block to the Académie des Goncourts. Together with *Les Filles de la Pluie*, by André Savignon, it came before the ten members for the final choice of a Lauréat des Dix. By the casting vote of the President, M. Benda was defeated. The judgment has received a considerable amount of criticism in France ; nor is the attack upon it undeserved. I confess that my acquaintance with M. Savignon's book upon life in Ushant has been confined to a leisurely glance through its pages in a bookshop ; but its faults are so manifest that the acquaintance is sufficient. *Filles de la Pluie* is chaotic, and therefore not a work of art. It is notes and sketches for a book—very good notes and sketches—but yet not a book. Confined to somewhat rhapsodical descriptions of primitive life in a stormy Atlantic island, the book lacks even the first shaping of the creative imagination. By its choice the Académie des Goncourts has weakened its already unsteady reputation.

L'Ordination is, if barely a great book, at least a good and sincere book. Its theme is to be found in a phrase, " La pitié c'est la mort." Felix, the student of philosophy, of whose soul the book is an analysis, has fallen in passionate love with Madeleine, the wife of an unsympathetic commercial husband. Madeleine becomes for a year the mistress of Felix, who finds that his love for her begins to die. Felix realises that Madeleine is wholly in love with him and absolutely dependent upon him, and in the very moment when he decides to break the liaison for ever he begins to pity her. His thought turns to her, broken, abandoned and helpless without him, and from the pity rises something of a new love. Between the new love and his passion for philosophic contemplation follows a terrible struggle. Felix leaves Madeleine for a time, only to return and watch her from a hiding place.

" Elle leva la tête : il vit ces traits d'enfant devenus en huit jours des traits définitifs, où rien ne jouait plus, et où les signes de la souffrance faisait moins mal à voir que ceux de la volonté ; il vit cet œil vitreux, comme vidé de son ressort, où rien ne tendait plus, où rien n'attendait plus. . . . Maintenant elle était au pied de la montée qui ramenait chez elle, et elle montait lentement, comme traînant avec elle toute la quotidienneté de sa lourde existence et toute sa servitude. Et il pensa : ' Elle remontera comme ça tous les soirs de la vie ! ' Alors il n'y tint plus. Il voulait lui crier :

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' Madeleine, tu n'es pas seule. . . . Je ne te quitte pas. Je t'aime.'
Il voulait sortir de son ombre, courir à elle."

Felix let Madeleine pass without a word. His power of pity was exhausted. " He had in his veins the poison of pity, yet death had not come to him." Thus ends the ordination. Felix marries and has a baby girl, and devotes himself to his passion for philosophy. Ten years later the second part of the book, *La Chute*, begins.

Felix is living with, yet apart from, his wife and child, wholly devoted to abstract thought, gradually becoming more and more remote from them. One day the little girl tires very quickly and falls ill ; and Felix during the night comes to look at her. He vaguely recognises the symptoms of a spinal disease ; and as suspicion becomes certainty, a great wave of pity comes over him breaking down the walls of his intellectual detachment. Henceforward comes the old bitter struggle between the brain and the heart, of the life of the intellect and the life of love ; and after weeks of torment love has the victory.

Of this book it is easy to say that the theme is as old as *Naturam expellas furca : tamen usque redibit*, and that there is nothing more. The essence of *L'Ordination* is the nature of the defeat and the nature of the victory. In the first part the brain has the victory of the heart. Felix will not say the word as he watches Madeleine leave her house. He has put Madeleine from him ; and he is broken. In *La Chute* the heart has the victory of the brain. Felix leaves the life of speculation for his baby girl ; and he is conscious of his own defeat, that he has abandoned the better part, and that the ideal of his true self is lost for ever. It is not a case of expelling Nature with a fork. The moral values of the intellectual and the family life are at least equal. There is no fundamental rightness in the victory of instinct over the intellect ; and the tragedy is that they cannot be reconciled. If you choose so to put the case, *L'Ordination* is the statement in its barest and simplest terms of the problem which the philosophy of M. Bergson glosses over. " Instinct " or " Intuition " is no panacea for the realities of life. The intellect and the desires of the intellect are as potent and as valuable to their possessor as instinct and the blind impulses of instinct. It has not been given to M. Bergson in the twentieth century to solve the difficulties and quiet the groanings of St. Paul.

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It is very necessary to appreciate the intense humanity of the theme of "*L'Ordination*," because its artistic expression has not kept all its unity. I think that no critic who is at the same time a writer of fiction himself could doubt that the first part of the book is a piece of absolute autobiography, written with the intense simplicity and restraint of "a soul that has suffered." It is the directest statement possible of the most terrible mental struggle a man can undergo, when his love for a woman fails and turns to pity. It is a masterpiece of its kind. Not a word rings false. There is no loose-lipped sentimentality, no maudlin regret. Compare it with a book which English criticism has been content to hail as "great," August Strindberg's "*Confessions of a Fool*," a welter of vicious sentimentality, against which *L'Ordination* stands like a Greek statue against the image of obscene Ashtaroath.

In *La Chute* we are conscious that the directness of personal experience has been lost. Yet even here there are one or two passages describing the very process of the true intellectual life which have an echo of the passion of Plato's Symposium in them.

"Il venait de découvrir la vie intellectuelle—la vraie vie intellectuelle—non plus le caressement des idées qu'il avait connu comme tous ceux de sa classe au sortir du collège, non plus le frôlement des doctrines entre une visite et un dîner, mais l'étreinte passionnée, permanente, exclusive, les semaines entières passées à creuser un concept sans penser à autre chose, l'action fiévreuse de ce creusement, et les transes de l'échec, et les joies du triomphe, et la fécondation haletante de l'idée par l'idée, et l'être entier tendu comme d'une tension d'amour pour savoir si telle idée descend de telle autre ou bien si c'est le contraire."

But in spite of such passages the whole effect of the second part as compared with the first is that of an intellectual construction that has lost touch with the intense reality of personal experience. The intellect clarifying the vision and restraining the emotions produced *L'Ordination*; the intellect alone without an emotional basis produced *La Chute*. *La Chute* is but a logical extension of *L'Ordination*. M. Benda is a philosopher, and not an artist. He lacks the true creative imagination which might have transfused the reality of the first part into the second. The Académie des Goncourts has committed a twofold error.

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It has passed over a book that is almost great for one that is assuredly mediocre. It has moreover committed an error which can never be repaired ; for I am convinced that M. Benda will never write such a book again. *L'Ordination* is not the result of an artist's instinct to create a great story ; but of the wounded man's instinct to tell of his sufferings. And to this tale, without other sufferings, there is no hereafter.

GEORGIAN MUSIC By W. DENIS BROWNE
The Balfour-Gardiner Concerts

THE second series of Balfour Gardiner concerts ought to have convinced the public at last that the young generation of composers must be taken seriously. At the four concerts that have recently been given we have heard a number of orchestral works by a group of writers, who, if they have not at present sufficient cohesion to be called a school, are well on the way to found one in the near future, provided only they have the necessary determination and patience.

It is not at first sight an easy problem to trace the descent of the family of composers that has suddenly appeared in our midst. At the end of the nineteenth century the sole hopes of English music were Stanford, Parry (whose last work, an admirable symphony, was played at the first of these concerts), and Elgar. There had been no musician of note since the days of Sterndale Bennett, except Sullivan, and there was little actual musical life in the country outside the chief national institutions. As a matter of fact, we were at this time prostrate under the crushing weight of the Brahms cult, with its attendant formality and Teutonic heaviness : and it was not until well on in the twentieth century that we were able to free ourselves from the toils of a music which a French critic could only desperately describe as "*d'une pudeur d'éléphante qui se déshabille.*" Having no music of our own, we did obeisance before this god, following him blindly and unreasoningly. It is not to be wondered at that our national stagnation increased instead of diminishing.

The training of a musician at this period included harmony, taught first, and counterpoint, taught second, an order of teaching which had a particular bearing on subsequent developments. A pupil learned naturally to attach more importance to the earlier study than to the second. That is, he learnt from the first to think in chords, or vertically, instead of in melodies, or horizontally ; and this attitude was helped by the comparative decadence of

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singing and by the ubiquity of the pianoforte. Such a training would render a young musician peculiarly susceptible to the influence of a movement that was soon to make itself felt on the Continent. Debussy and others were experimenting with harmony for its own sake, and writing music which depended for its effect solely on the juxtaposition of unresolved discords. Strauss was working on somewhat similar lines in Germany, Puccini in Italy. It was not surprising that young British composers, tired of Brahms and estranged from counter point, should fall an easy prey to music which was both easier (when you had your models) and more exciting to produce than dry fugues and sonatas. They did indeed fall an easy prey, and some of them, like Cyril Scott, have not yet struggled out of the toils. Others, however, have just escaped, and some of these we have lately been hearing. But the harm that has been done by borrowing French and other foreign methods is very real : it is one of the greatest disasters that has ever happened to music. I mean the blow that has been dealt to counterpoint. If counterpoint and the logical habit of mind that counterpoint implies are taken away from us, the highest potentialities of music will be lost for ever. Among our young composers Percy Grainger can still write counterpoint, and it is for that reason that he is so virile and direct. But his compositions (which have been so far only in the smaller forms) when he gets away from folk-songs, are merely and shockingly sentimental. One very important thing, however, he has done, and that is to show once more that no instrument can equal the human voice in expressiveness when it is allowed to vocalise freely, unhampered by words. The old monks knew it when they introduced wordless *melismata* into plain chant. The Italians knew it in the eighteenth century when they improvised *rifiorituras* during an operatic aria. They knew something else too. They not only made their singers study composition, but they made their composers study singing. It is partly because we have forgotten how to sing that our composers

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are being led off into harmonic vagaries as artificial as they will eventually be meaningless. As long as they are content to borrow the latest thing in harmony from abroad and to fit it on to English ideas that have no relation to it, counterpoint being cast to the four winds, so long will the balanced judgment of posterity find their works as fruitless and ineffective as we to-day should find a work composed entirely of a succession of diminished sevenths. Harmonic music relied originally on the effect produced by relief following on tension, *i.e.*, a resolution following a discord. Modern harmonic music, however, it has recently been said, is not based on this principle at all, but on the theory that no discord necessarily implies a resolution. This is a stage of development that has not yet really been reached in England, where most of our composers have only got as far as working on a basis of cheating the ear of its expected resolution by a continued series of discords, the tension thus created being artificially prolonged until the composer sees fit, as he generally does, to relax it at the conclusion of the phrase. The fullest development of the theory is to be seen in Busoni and Schönberg, who (this is important) have returned to a way of thinking that is very definitely contrapuntal. The curious result of their experiments is that their harmonies, produced quite secondarily and accidentally through the aid of counterpoint, are infinitely more varied and interesting than the intentional and primarily produced harmonies of the French school. When Percy Grainger, therefore, is contrapuntal, as in "Green Bushes" and "Molly on the Shore," he is clear and forcible and harmonically interesting as well. When, as in "The Inuit," he relies solely on harmonics for his effect, he is no better than a mid-Victorian hymn-writer. A somewhat similar combination of strength and weakness is to be seen in Vaughan Williams. He has a stronger personality and a greater power of continuous musical thought than most of his contemporaries. Instead of doing what the music wants him to do, he makes it do what he wants himself, and the result, though sometimes a little rough, is invariably a definite

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expression of the thought behind it. In the "Fantasia" on Christmas Carols," when the chorus are singing contrapuntally against the solo voice or each other, the effect is strong enough; it is noticeably weakened when they confine themselves to supplying harmonies to the solo part. A much more vital work by the same composer is his "Variations on a Theme by Thomas Tallis." It is austere in conception and massive in design, and beautiful as well, and it could only have been written by one who fully understands the music of the old masters in its relation to present day needs.

Another composer with a personality and a brain which he knows how to use is Gustav von Holst, who conducted three of his own works at these concerts, a pair of Eastern Pictures for female voices and harp, "The Mystic Trumpeter," and "The Cloud Messenger." His tests (which latterly he has made himself) are based on Eastern writers, and he knows how to fill his settings of them with a colour that though generally low-toned is always interesting and often beautiful. In "The Cloud Messenger," he contrives to maintain throughout a definite atmosphere, quite distinct from mere local colour; and the way in which he sustains the interest is the more remarkable in view of the lowness of his tones. He never hesitates to prolong a figure or a phrase indefinitely and yet it does not pall. Altogether this was a remarkable work.

Perhaps the least satisfactory production of the whole series was Granville Bantock's "Fifine at the Fair." Gifted with remarkable skill as an orchestrator, he contrives to combine the maximum of instrumental parade with the very minimum of musical thought. Ideas there are in plenty, but they are bad ones. Reduced to their lowest terms, they hardly deserve consideration; but they are tricked out so brilliantly as to deceive an unthinking audience. After this heavy-handed commentary on Browning it was a relief to listen to Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "In the Faëry Hills." Though it fails a little in interest at the end, mainly through looseness of harmonic structure, it is an honest

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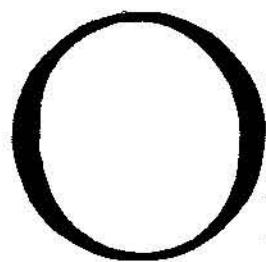
and on the whole successful attempt to express abstractions in the language of the orchestra. The call on the horn does not represent, as Bantock would have made it do, the actual notes of the fairy horn ; we hear it, not as a tune but as a symbol. Similarly the little dance theme is not essentially a dancing tune, but it conveys very clearly the idea of a fairy dance. The treatment here can be contrasted with Bantock's fair in "Fifine" ; a jumble of blaring steam organs, old men playing fiddles, and little boys blowing penny whistles. It is cleverly done, but one has only to set beside it Stravinsky's treatment of a similar idea in "Pétrouchka," to see its absurdity.

Several other composers were represented at these concerts, among them Delius and Frederic Austin, the former by a revised version of his "Lebenstanz," and a pleasant early pianoforte concerto. Frederic Austin's Symphony deserves notice, firstly because it was the only large orchestral work performed that had no programme attached to it. This is a relief. Surely it is time we gave up labelling our music in this stupid way. Tiresome and misleading analogies between music and the other arts have led composers to depend for inspiration upon external stimuli, upon which music need not depend any more than logic or mathematics. Secondly, it was interesting because it was a definite attempt to solve in terms of music certain problems of musical thought, and to prove that though the symphony with its conventions about subjects and keys is extinct, yet it may be possible to revive the essential spirit that lies behind it in a less conventionalised form.

This is the second season of these performances. What has been the net gain ? The pond of English music has been considerably stirred up and a deal of life, and some weed, brought to the surface. The really important thing is not so much that the public has been able to hear the works, though public recognition is important, but that all these composers have been able to hear each other. Meanwhile for it all they have to thank one man, who characteristically included only one, and that a very small one, of his own works at the tail end of the last concert.

THE GALLERIES By MICHAEL T. H. SADLER

Anne Estelle Rice



BSERVANT visitors to the previous exhibitions of Miss Rice's work will notice a very distinct advance in these new pictures alike of skill and enterprise. The contrast is facilitated by the inclusion in the present exhibition of several works belonging to the earlier period—notably Nos. 4, 5, and 33.

Miss Rice has mastered her colour. It was apt occasionally either to run away with her, or to remain rather harsh and muddy. It is now her slave. She paints less preponderantly in reds and yellows. She is tackling wooded landscapes, rocks, shadow-covered valleys. Her previous sea pieces were a shimmer of sunlight on golden sand and blue water. Nowadays she paints curling foam over shingle or dark blue water patterned into eddies by the wind. In pictures infinitely more complicated than before, she puts unerring shadows and conquers infinite varieties of plane and distance. And she attempts all this because form to her no longer means principally surface-form, but roundness and substance. She seems to wish to get her hand round to the objects she paints—to express their solidity. This change is not surprising, when one remembers that the structural quality of nature and buildings and human bodies, is the quality which is everywhere attracting the young artists. No. 5, "L'Eventail vert," has already been mentioned as an example of the earlier ideal. Built on a framework of strong, rhythmical lines, the picture is a decorative arrangement in brilliant colouring. It is flat ; not with the symbolistic flatness of Egyptian art, but rather with the flatness of a Japanese colour-print, which is really a compromise between pattern and representation. Then turn to No. 23, "The Market Place," and the difference is plain. Here is even less naturalism, but infinitely more reality. The advance is in colour and form alike. There is no very bright colour in "The Market Place," but yet the picture has the brilliance of southern heat, and glows more than "L'Eventail vert," for all the latter's orange and vermilion.

The Galleries

By the time this criticism appears, innumerable writers will have jumped on the suggestion of Cubism in Nos. 13 and 15. Let us be clear in using this unlucky word. The Cubists seem to me to fall into two groups. There are those who, like Miss Rice, love structure and content, who love a tree as a definite cubic element in a landscape, a human body for the firmness of its cubic anatomy. This group are "realists" because they keep in touch with nature. The other line of Cubism leads away from reality to spiritual expression. Picasso and his imitators follow the inner lead of any natural object, through a maze of angles and balanced lines. They have abandoned representation. Like Kandinsky they are searching for the inner meaning of natural objects. But unlike Kandinsky they work on intelligence and not on feeling. This must be taken, not as a general dogmatic assertion, but as a personal opinion. Kandinsky is to me a musician of colour and line, but the harmony of Cubist music has not touched me.

Returning, however, to the realm of the more or less material, whatever one's opinion of Picasso, it is clear that he and Miss Rice are not on the same tack. It is to be hoped therefore that no one will be led astray by the rather loose talk in the newspapers, which classifies Post-Impressionism, or anything new in art, as Futurism or Cubism. Miss Rice, in so far as she paints trees and hillsides in planes, is cubifying, but her Cubism is a very long way from the solemn inanities of Derain's latest oils or the tentative naughtiness of the Grafton Group. Miss Rice has a sense of humour and does not forget that she is "cubifying" in order to express, and not expressing in order to cubify. The result is that these are fine pictures (No. 15 especially), rich and living. In a slightly different form the same tendency appears in her tree trunks, which Miss Rice is painting under a new convention, and successfully. But I hope she won't allow the practice of setting a patterned tree in the right foreground to become a habit. The English water-colourists did so, Turner did so, even Gauguin did so. An almost identical tree appeared in three or four pictures in this

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exhibition, but while three or four may delight, there comes a time of satiety.

In the painting of flowers Miss Rice shows real genius. Whether it be an almond-tree in flower or flower pieces pure and simple, the result is splendid. The force and vitality of this painting as a whole is the important thing. Many artists nowadays are vigorous, but not all of them know when vigour stops and fireworks begin. And that knowledge is Miss Rice's treasure of sanity.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS : ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN

I. The English Reviews

"POETRY and Drama" is a notable newcomer among the quarterly reviews. Though the bulk of the magazine is to be devoted to criticism, a number of pages in each number are to be given up to the publication of new verse. It is not necessarily any disparagement of the prose articles (though some of them have rather an undergraduate swagger about them !) to say that the creative work is more interesting than the critical. Lascelles Abercrombie's verse is always arresting ; and his short play "The Adder," which was recently produced at the Liverpool Literary Theatre is, in some respects, the most challenging thing he has done. The editor of "Poetry and Drama" is fortunate in having secured so distinguished a contribution to his first number. Among the prose-articles, perhaps the most interesting are Edward Thomas's mock eulogy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Henry Newbolt's gallant and discriminating appreciation of "Georgian Poetry, 1911-12." Poems by James Elroy Flecker, Maurice Hewlett and Michael Macredy, and critical papers by Rupert Brooke, Harold Monro, Algar Thorold, A. Romney Green, Leonard Inkster, J. Rodker, Gilbert Cannan, Richard Buxton and F. S. Flint go to make up what must be considered a promising first number.

In "The Manchester Playgoer," John Palmer continues his lively controversy with Gordon Craig ; and the number also contains articles by W. L. George, Gilbert Cannan, O. Raymond Drey, Horace Holley and J. H. Mandleberg ; a short play by Gwen John, and drawings by J. D. Fergusson.

The April number of "The English Review" opens with a long poem (or rather a series of short poems, loosely strung together) by William H. Davies, on the old theme, Town versus Country. Rather formless as a whole, "The Strange City" contains passages as delightful as anything Davies has done : and the poem has certainly more distinction than the academic elegy on Swinburne, by John Helston, which neighbours it. Two papers on literature, one written from the inside, or artist's, point of view, the other from the outside, or critic's, point of view, would seem to let us into the secret of the business, and tell us how it is done ! "The Story-Teller's Craft," by Arnold Bennett, is a neat and

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dexterous little lesson in the art of seeing things ; while, in " Literature as a Fine Art," R. A. Scott-James, having picked up a few hints dropped by the artists themselves, has, after the manner of critics, tried to formulate them as generalisations.

The only contribution to the April " British Review " which possesses any artistic interest is W. B. Yeats's poem, " The Grey Rock " ; though we make no pretence of having read through Canon Rawnsley's sequence of sonnets.

To " The Forum," which always devotes a deal of space to verse, Bliss Carman contributes a series of what he calls " Rhythmics," which he introduces with the following suggestive note :

" The poems printed herewith are taken from a number of Studies in Greek and Latin Mythology. They are brief monologues or descriptive poems in lyric measures, intended for recitation to the accompaniment of music and dancing or interpretive motion.

" This novel art, a blend of reading, music and acting, has been gradually evolved in an attempt to find an adequate instrument of training for higher physical education or personal harmonising,—an instrument which enlists ecstasy and intelligence in the play of physical exercise, just as they are always enlisted in desirable life. It is a true art, else it never would have served this comprehensive use. It is simple enough and untheatric enough to be adaptable for home use and for primary education, and yet comprehensive enough to be worthy of the complex and subtle skill of the best dramatic artist. It is more lyric than acting, more ornate than reading, more natural than opera, and effects the transformation of poetry into visible beauty in a unique and compelling way. It maintains and enhances the legitimate sorcery which dwells in poetry, by giving full value to its rhythmic quality, and it renders the instinctive and primal fascination of dance more rational and noble by supplying it with a theme worthy of its technique.

" Poems written for the purpose of such presentation must necessarily conform to certain limitations. They cannot meander at will in the delightful fashion of long meditative lyrics. They must be full of action and movement as an old ballad. Even their similes, metaphors and references, should be translatable into the language of plastic motion or suggestion. They must be lyric in form, yet always somewhat dramatic in feeling and scope."

Review of Reviews

II. The French Reviews

The *Mercure de France*, in its origin and conception certainly the greatest of all French reviews, has after twenty-three years exhausted the creative impulse which used to animate it. It has not evolved with the evolution of other methods and men ; and its excellences to-day are the same as they were ten years ago : in the first place, the excellence of organisation which makes the *Revue de la Quinzaine* an invaluable record of the world's artistic progress ; in the second the unfailing standard of one or two of its original contributors, chief of whom is Remy de Gourmont, whose fortnightly "Lettres à l'Amazone" are a mine of delicate and contemplative wit. In the most recent number before us as we write (March 16), the original contents are rather dull. The poem by Louis de Cardonnel, "A Figline," is not up to the writer's best level. A rather bizarre short story based upon the psychology of dual personality by Marie M. Bonnet is the best contribution in a somewhat mechanical number.

Le roy est mort : vive le roy ! The April number of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* affords ample evidence that it is around this review that the majority of the genuinely creative French writers of the present day are grouping themselves. It is, however, by no means a young review or even a "new review." André Gide, Emile Verhaeren, the late Charles Louis Philippe, Gabriel Mourey, André Suarès are all mature writers, all nearer fifty than twenty years of age—and perhaps the most striking characteristic of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* is its mature eclecticism. The April number begins with a delightful article by André Gide upon the ten best French novels. André Gide has many English admirers—though we doubt whether Mr. Edmund Gosse's rather uncritical eulogy in his latest book of studies has seriously increased their number—and it will be of considerable interest to them at least to learn M. Gide's selection. We hope to publish a translation of this brief article.

Besides, there are other good things in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*—a further fragment of Ch. Louis Philippe's unfinished story of his childhood, "Charles Blanchard," preceded by an account of Philippe's difficulties in writing it, by M. Léon-Paul

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Farque ; " Journal d'un Milliardaire," by Valéry Larbaud ; and M. André Suarès' " Chronique de Caerdal."

The fact that M. André Gide places Stendhal at the head of all the novelists of the world is in itself a justification, were any needed, of the special number of *La Revue Critique* (March 10) devoted entirely to Stendhal. From unpublished fragments of Stendhal's Journal to a careful study of Stendhal's finances by M. Adolphe Paupe, and a delightful article upon his clothes by M. Eugène Marsan, the number is a mine of Stendhaliana, invaluable to every admirer of the great novelist. We intend to refer to this number at greater length. The last number before us (March 25) is naturally something of an anticlimax. It contains, however, an interesting article for lovers of literary antiquities, by Charles Le Goffic, " Le Ménage de Jean Racine," and its usual complement of excellently critical reviews.

L'Art Decoratif (March) continues its admirable series of critical articles upon recent painters, with an article by Mlle. Lucie Cousturier upon Henri-Edmond Cross, who died in May 1910, at the age of fifty-four. Cross was a Neo-Impressionist whose work is not generally as well known in England as that of Seurat or Signac. Nowadays we find the spotty technique of the Pointillists rather tiresome and *demode*, and this technique still comes between us and a genuine appreciation of the undoubted merits of Cross. At the end of his life Cross himself was working away from it, as may be seen in his latest water-colours. But if we accept Pointillism, balancing its excellences against its deficiencies, it must be acknowledged that Cross's work provides some of the finest examples of that technique, particularly in " Les Petites Montagnes Mauresques " which is beautifully reproduced in colour. The other articles include " L'Art Nouveau sur le Paquebot France "—which does not seem any better than any other " new art "—and a charming account of " Coiffures et Bonnets anciens " by Raymond Crussard.

Note. Le Temps Present (March) : A delightful and characteristic " Leçon Poétique," by Francis Jammes ; " Poème," by the Comtesse de Noailles ; and an erudite article upon " Les Lais de Marie de France " by Mlle. Henriette Charasson.

La Phalange (March 20 : Three " Soirs de Flandre " by

Review of Reviews

Emile Verhaeren ; "La Renaissance Lyrique actuelle et la Tradition," by Henri Hertz.

L'Ile Sonnante is an excellent number, containing a scene of "Diane de Poitiers," by Maurice de Faramond; "Le Chien Em-poisonné," a sketch by Louis Pergaud ; and good poetry by André Salmon, Fernand Divoire, Tristan Derème, Paul Vimereu.

III. The Italian Reviews

In *La Voce* (March 27) is an article of great interest, "Il teatro musicale dell' ironia e lo stile dello Strauss," by Gianotto Bastianelli, in which the writer argues that Strauss, morbid in his choice of libretto, is in the conception and execution of his work essentially decadent. With great artists, their conception of action is identical with their religious conception of life. Their nature has two aspects, that of the hero and that of the saint. The world of passions cannot be revealed to the artist in its full value unless the artist himself sees a value in them ; unless he discovers, in the light of a faith that transcends the material naturalness of the events, a profound significance in them. The dilettanti of religious belief and of passion, like D'Annunzio, Wilde, Hoffmannsthal lack this sense of value. First, they cannot judge the passions, and their effort to do so turns in upon itself and produces a sad and almost unconscious irony. To such writers Strauss is the musical counterpart. But Strauss does differ from them, in that he has the courage to recognise this ironical attitude in himself, and to emphasise it by a greater honesty of style. The rottenness of the school of D'Annunzio consists in pretending that underneath the pomp of a grandiose style there exist faith and passion which are not really there. The ironist in literature should have the courage of his irony. This is what Strauss has done. He has found a style that is adequate to the monstrosity of the decadent drama, and he has found it automatically, unconsciously, almost by "motor reaction."

"The ferociously parodistic, chaotically Rabelaisian style of Strauss gives the decadent drama its perfect form without any equivocation between the truth of the action and the preciousness and idealism of the language. . . . The irony of Strauss is expressed directly and indirectly. To its direct expression belong his

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rhythm, the colour of his instrumentation and his harmony, his counterpoint, etc., which in Strauss are full of never-ending violence and surprises. To its indirect expression belong all the *double-entendre*, the musical insinuations and suggestions, such as taking up stylistic specimens of other composers, and the adoption of a number of methods discovered by his predecessors or contemporaries—adoptions which in the humorous context of Strauss's compositions (and sometimes even where it does not appear to be humorous) always convey a sense of parody." M. Bastianelli gives as examples the parody of Meyerbeer in "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

An examination of every one of Strauss's works reveals an almost unvarying irony of the composer's mind towards his own statements, which, expressed by means of a formula almost always derived, imitated and parodied, produce upon the audience the impression that the composer did not only disbelieve in it, but laughed at it with violent ironical scepticism. This irony is not Socratic, believing and seeking, but the "very decadence and degeneration of irony." "The decadent theatre," concludes M. Bastianelli, "cannot be saved except by the strident laughter of a fierce and gigantic irony. Strauss, unlike all the insincere modern poets, has been able to do this spontaneously, by a simple instinct to save himself at least in part. And should we hesitate to honour the ingenuity of music that is not so corrupt as its poetry, and to give praise to one who is certainly our greatest modern musician in spite of the fact that like others he degrades both faith and passion?"

The *Rassegna Contemporanea* (March 10), which now appears fortnightly, contains a short story by Matilde Serao, "Beata," not particularly different from a number of other competent stories which she has written in the past. The psychological conflict is in this case between a young lady and her father, an aristocratic man about town who has left his family. There is also an informative article upon a Balkan writer—Ivo Vojnovich of Ragusa—whose dramas, completely unknown in England, have made him the chief literary hero of the Pan-Slav movement.

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